

1. January 2, 1880 - MARK TWAIN ON ARTEMUS WARD

MARK TWAIN ON ARTEMUS WARD.

HE PAYS HIM A FRIEND'S TRIBUTE AND TELLS
A NEW STORY.

From the Knoxville (Tenn.) Tribune.

Some time ago, as our readers will doubtless remember, we took the position that Mark Twain stood at the head of American humorists and wits, the *Nashville American* having given that place to Artemus Ward. We sent a copy of the *Tribune*, containing our answer to the *American's* article, to Mark Twain, and in reply we have a very pleasant letter from that great American mirth-provoker. Mr. Clemens speaks with such kindness of Artemus Ward, and discusses some of the personal qualities that endeared him to the English people in such a pleasant way, that we are sure he will not object to the publication of that part of the letter. It also affords us an opportunity to put in print a "goak" perpetrated by Artemus, which Mr. Clemens assures us has never before been published. Mark Twain was born in East Tennessee, and perhaps still retains some affection for the scenes of his childhood. At any rate, he counts in East Tennessee many of his most enthusiastic admirers and sincere friends. The letter of which we have spoken is as follows, and we hope Brother Doak, of the *American*, will enjoy the new joke attributed to his favorite humorist:

HARTFORD, Dec. 18.

Frank B. Earnest, Esq.:

DEAR SIR: I thank you very much for that pleasant article. Of course, it is not for me to judge between Artemus and myself on trade merits, but when it comes to speaking of matters personal, I am a good witness. Artemus was one of the kindest and gentlest men in the world, and the hold which he took on the Londoners surpasses imagination. To this day one of the first questions which a Londoner asks me is if I knew Artemus Ward; the answer, "yes," makes that man my friend on the spot. Artemus seems to have been on the warmest terms with thousands of those people. Well, he seems never to have written a harsh thing against anybody—neither have I, for that matter—at least nothing harsh enough for a body to fret about—and I think he never felt bitter toward people. There may have been three or four other people like that in the world at one time or another, but they probably died a good while ago. I think his lecture on the "Babes in the Wood" was the funniest thing I ever listened to. Artemus once said to me, gravely, almost sadly, "Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling; I am going to write something that will live."

"Well, what, for instance?"

In the same grave way, he said:

"A lie."

It was an admirable surprise: I was just getting ready to cry, he was becoming so pathetic. This has never been in print—you should give it to your friend of the *American*, for I judge by what he writes of Artemus that he will appreciate it. I think it's mighty bright—as well for its quiet sarcasm as for its happy suddenness and unexpectedness.

Yours, truly,

S. L. CLEMENS.

GEN. GRANT IN HARTFORD

*WELCOMED WITH PROCESSIONS,
SPEECHES, AND FIRE-WORKS.*

THE DEPARTURE FROM BOSTON—A PUBLIC
RECEPTION IN HARTFORD—WELCOMED
BY SAMUEL L. CLEMENS AND OTHERS—
GEN. GRANT'S RESPONSE — STARTING
FOR NEW-YORK.

BOSTON, Oct. 16.—Gen. Grant and party left the Brunswick about 8 o'clock this morning, and were driven to the depot of the New-York and New-England Road, where they took the train for Hartford. A large number of people assembled to see him off. At 8:20 the train moved off amid the cheers of the crowd.

HARTFORD, Oct. 16.—The train stopped a short time at Putnam, where a great number of people assembled. At Willimantic the train was backed down on the Providence Division, where the 1,500 employes of the Willimantic Linen Company assembled in front of their large new mill. Gen. Grant stood upon the platform and received a cordial welcome from the assembly. One of the girls employed in the mill presented him a cabinet containing an assortment of thread manufactured at the company's mills. Gen. Hawley joined the train here, and the party was also met by others of the special reception committee from Hartford, including James G. Batterson, whose guest Gen. Grant is; Mr. Charles Dudley Warner, ex-Gov. Marshall Jewell, Col. Frank W. Cheney, and other prominent citizens.

The train arrived at Hartford at 12 o'clock, and the party took carriages immediately for the Allyn House. The ladies of Gen. Grant's

the Allyn House. The ladies of Gen. Grant's party went on to New-York by a special car attached to the 12:25 train from Hartford. The city was thronged with visitors, business was almost suspended, and the streets were lined with decorations, not only along the line of march of the procession, but elsewhere. After a collation at the Allyn House, Gen. Grant was formally received on a stand in Bushnell Park, addresses of welcome being made by Mr. James G. Batterson, Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain,) and Gen. Hawley.

Mr. Clemens spoke as follows:

GENERAL GRANT: I also am deputized to welcome you to the sincere and cordial hospitalities of Hartford, the city of the historic and revered Charter Oak, of which the most of this town is built. [Laughter.] At first it was proposed to have only one speaker to welcome you, but this was changed because it was feared that, considering the shortness of the crop of speeches this year, if anything occurred to prevent that speaker from delivering his speech you would feel disappointed. [Laughter and applause.] I desire at this point to refer to your past history. By years of colossal labor and colossal achievement, you at last beat down a gigantic rebellion and saved your country from destruction. Then the country commanded you to take the helm of State. You preferred your great office of General of the Army, and the rest and comfort which it afforded, but you loyally obeyed and relinquished permanently the ample and well-earned salary of the Generalship, and resigned your accumulating years to the chance mercies of a precarious existence. [Applause.] By this present fatiguing progress through the land you are mightily contributing toward saving your country once more, this time from dishonor and shame and from commercial disaster. [Applause.] You are now a private citizen, but private employments are closed against you because your name would be used for speculative purposes, and you have refused to permit that. But your country will reward you, never fear. [Loud applause.] When Wellington won Waterloo, a battle about on a level with some dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to

dozen of your victories, sordid England tried to pay him for that service with wealth and grandeur; she made him a Duke and gave him \$4,000,000. If you had done and suffered for any other country what you have done and suffered for your own you would have been affronted in the same sordid way, but thank God this vast and rich and mighty Republic is imbued to the core with a delicacy which will forever preserve her from so degrading a deserving son. Your country loves you. Your country is proud of you. Your country is grateful to you. [Applause.] Her applauses which have been thundering in your ears all these weeks and months, will never cease while the flag you saved continues to wave. [Great applause.] Your country stands ready from this day forth to testify her measureless love and pride and gratitude toward you in every conceivable inexpensive way. Welcome to Hartford, great soldier, honored statesman, unselfish citizen. [Loud and long-continued applause.]

Gen. Grant said: "Mr. President, and gentlemen of Hartford: I am very proud of the welcomes that I have received at the hands of my fellow-citizens from San Francisco to Boston; but this is the first occasion when I have been thrice welcomed. So much has been said in the three welcomes I have received that it leaves me little to say, except to disagree with the last speaker as to the character of the American people for generosity. [Gen. Grant thus referred to remarks of Mark Twain substantially to the effect that 'Republics are ungrateful.'] I recognize their generosity; and what they have given me is more valued than gold or silver. No amount of the latter could compensate for the courtesy and kind feeling with which I have everywhere been received. I feel you have given testimony to that to-day, and for that I thank you one and all."

Gen. Grant and party then entered carriages, and were escorted through the city by a procession composed of 2,000 or more veterans and soldiers from all parts of the State, and nearly 3,000 members of the Republican campaign clubs of Hartford and the surrounding towns. After the parade, Gen. Grant, Gen. Hawley, Gen. Badeau, and other invited guests, dined with Mr. James G. Batterson. Subsequently there was a reception for an hour at

quently there was a reception for an hour at the residence of Gen. William H. Bulkeley, after which there were a grand torch-light parade, illuminations, and decorations, and in a blaze of fire-works, electric lights and torches, and the cheers of thousands of people, Gen. Grant was escorted to the depot, leaving by the 10:25 P. M. train for New-York.

MARK TWAIN LIFTS HIS VOICE.

TELLING HARTFORD REPUBLICANS HOW TO VOTE AND WHAT TO VOTE FOR.

HARTFORD, Conn., Oct. 26.—An audience of nearly 2,500 people assembled in the Opera-house to-night to hear addresses by Charles Dudley Warner, the Hon. Henry C. Robinson, and Mark Twain. The latter made a characteristic speech. He spoke as follows:

Friends say to me, "What do you mean by this? You swore off from lecturing years ago." Well, that is true; I did reform, and I reformed permanently, too. But this ain't a lecture; it is only a speech—nothing but a mere old cut-and-dried impromptu speech, and there's a great moral difference between a lecture and a speech, I can tell you, for when you deliver a lecture you get good pay, but when you make a speech you don't get a cent. You don't get anything at all from your own party, and you don't get anything out of the opposition but a noble, good supply of infamous episodes in your own private life which you hadn't heard of before—a scorching lot of facts about your private rascalities and scoundrelism which is brand-new to you, and good enough stuff for by and by, when you get ready to write your autobiography, but of no immediate use to you, further than to show you what you could have become if you had attended strictly to business. I have never made but one political speech before this. That was years ago. I made a logical, closely reasoned, compact, powerful argument against a discriminating and iniquitous tax which was about to be imposed by the opposition. I may say I made a most thoughtful, symmetrical, and admirable argument, but a Michigan newspaper editor answered it, refuted it, utterly demolished it, by saying I was in the constant habit of horse-whipping my great-grandmother. I should not have minded it so much—well, I don't know that I should have minded it at all, a little thing like that— if he had said I did it for her good, but when he said I merely did it for exercise, I felt that such a statement as that was

that such a statement as that was almost sure to cast a shadow over my character. However, I did mind these things particularly. It is the only intelligent and patriotic way of conducting a campaign. I don't mind what the opposition say of me so long as they don't tell the truth about me; but when they descend to telling the truth about me I consider that that is taking an unfair advantage. Why should we be bitter against each other—such of us of both parties as are not ashamed of being Americans?

But perhaps I have said enough by way of preface. I am going to vote the Republican ticket myself from old habit, but what I am here for is to try to persuade you to vote the Democratic ticket, because if you throw the government of this country into the hands of the Republicans they will unquestionably kill that Wood tariff project. But if you throw this Government into the hands of the Democrats, the Wood tariff project will become the law of the land, and every one of us will reap his share of the enormous benefits resulting from it. There will be nothing sectional about it. Its wholesome generousities are as all-embracing as the broad and general atmosphere. The North, the South, the East, the West, will all have their portion of those benefactions. Consider the South's share, for instance. With a tariff "for revenue only," and no tariff for "protection," she will not be obliged to carry on a trade with us of the North and pay Northern prices. No! She can buy of England, duty free, at far cheaper rates. The price of her cotton will remain as before, but the cost of producing will be vastly diminished and the profit vastly increased. Wealth will pour in on her in such a deluge that she will not know what to do with the money. In time she will be able to buy and sell the North. Will the South cast a solid vote for the Wood tariff bill? I am glad to believe yes; to know that the South will stand by our Senator Eaton to a man in this great and good cause.

The speaker then showed, in a facetious way, what benefits the North would derive from free trade. The chief benefit would be in getting rid of factory smoke. He showed the saving in washing bills and profanity, and in the

ing in washing bills and profanity, and in the enforced idleness which would be produced. Capable men could be hired for 50 cents a day. Houses could be built cheaper, and real estate would be the same price on the ground that it was in a cart. There would be a long holiday season and the streets of the North would be adorned with soft, rich carpets of grass. "The odious law which to-day deprives us of the improving, elevating, humanizing society of the tramp will be swept from the statute-book by the tramp himself, for we shall all be tramps then, and can outvote anything that can be devised to hamper us, and give the opposition long odds, too." He reviewed the course of England during the war, but said that we should now forgive them all, and let them come in here to restore their prostrated industries by voting the Democratic ticket, "which is all English, English, of Connecticut, and English, of Indiana, and English over the water." He closed with what he called a fable, showing a company of sparrows well settled on one side of a lake with cuckoos on the opposite side. The latter wanted to get over and lay eggs in the sparrows' nests, but protective eagles stopped them. At last a majority of the sparrows thought that restriction should be removed. Getting rid of the eagles, the other birds came in, but the experiment was disastrous, and the sparrows resolved to let well enough alone thereafter.

BABIES AS BURGLAR ALARMS.

Mark Twain was asked to contribute to the paper issued at the fair in aid of abused children, in Boston, and responded as follows:

HARTFORD, Nov. 30, 1880.

DEAR EDITORS: I do it with pleasure, * * * but I also do it with pain, because I am not in sympathy with this movement. Why should I want a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children" to prosper when I have a baby down stairs that kept me awake several hours last night with no pretext for it but a desire to make trouble? This occurs every night, and it embitters me, because I see now how needless it was to put in the other burglar alarm, a costly and complicated contrivance, which cannot be depended upon, because it's always getting out of order and won't "go," whereas, although the baby is always getting out of order, too, it can nevertheless be depended on, for the reason that the more it gets out of order the more it does go.

Yes, I am bitter against your society, for I think the idea of it is all wrong; but if you will start a Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fathers, I will write you a whole book. Yours, with emotion,
MARK TWAIN.

THE HOME OF MARK TWAIN.

THE PLEASANT IMPRESSIONS IT MADE UPON THE IOWA HUMORIST.

In a recent letter from Hartford, Conn., to the Burlington (Iowa) *Hawk-Eye*, Mr. R. J. Burdette writes:

"The pleasantest view I had of the city was from the cozy fireside in that wonderful home of Mr. S. L. Clemens, who was my host during my stay in Hartford. I am not a man addicted to cold weather. I am not sufficiently 'British' to wander through December and January in a short checked coat and no uister. I am given to much wrapping up when I do go out in the snow, and to very little going out in the snow at all. I begin to shiver with the first frost, and I keep it up until the following April. And so when I can sit down before a bright wood fire, and burn up cigars while somebody entertains me, I love the lay Winter.

"I think I have never been in a home more beautifully home-like than this palace of the king of humorists. The surroundings of the house are beautiful, and its quaint architecture, broad East Indian porticos, the Greek patterns in mosaic in the dark-red brick walls attract and charm the attention and good taste of the passer by, for the home, inside and out, is the perfection of exquisite taste and harmony. But with all its architectural beauty and originality, the elegance of its interior finish and decorations, the greatest charm about the house is the atmosphere of 'homelikeness' that pervades it. Charmingly as he can entertain thousands of people at a time from the platform, Mr. Clemens is even a mere perfect entertainer in his home. The brightest and best sides of his nature shine out at his fireside. The humor and drollery that sparkle in his conversation is as utterly unaffected and natural as sunlight. Indeed, I don't believe he knows or thinks that most of his talk before the sparkling fire, up in the pleasant retirement of his billiard-room study, is marketable merchandise worth so much a page to the publishers, but it is. And it is not all drollery and humor. He is so earnest that his earnestness charms you fully as much as his brighter flashes, and once in a while there is in his voice an inflection of wonderful pathos, so touched with melancholy that you look into the kind, earnest eyes to see what thought has touched his voice. And he has a heart as big as his body; I believe there does not live a man more thoroughly unselfish and self-forgetful. Two little girls and a boy baby, bright-eyed, good-tempered, and with a full head of hair as brown as his father's, assist Mrs. Clemens to fill the heart of the reigning humorist, and they do it most completely. Personally, Mr. Clemens is, perhaps, a little above the medium height, of good symmetrical physique, brown hair, scarcely touched with gray, that curls over a high, white forehead; friendship in his eyes, hearty cordiality in the grasp of a well-shaped white hand, strong enough and heavy enough to be a manly hand; his age is 40 something, and he looks 35; in the evening 'after the lamps are lighted' his face has a wonderfully boyish look, and he loves a good cigar even better than Grant does."

THE PAPYRUS CLUB'S GUESTS.

THE "LADIES' NIGHT" BANQUET—AN INIMITABLE SPEECH BY MARK TWAIN.

BOSTON, Feb. 24.—The Papyrus Club, of this city, composed largely of literary men and journalists, had its annual "ladies' night" dinner at the Revere House to-night. There was a large and brilliant gathering, each member present being accompanied by a lady or ladies, besides the club's guests. The latter included Charles Dudley Warner, Col. George E. Waring, of Newport, and Mrs. Waring, William D. Howell, T. B. Aldrich, E. P. Whipple, and "Mark Twain." Mr. William A. Hovey, the editor of the *Transcript*, as President of the club, sat at the chief table, with the club's principal guests at either hand. The after-dinner features included the reading of a new and dainty poem, sent from London for the occasion, by James Russell Lowell; a finely-drawn speech by E. P. Whipple, largely a eulogy of George Eliot; a speech by Mark Twain, and several short poems by members of the club—one by Robert Grant to the ladies, and another by John Boyle O'Reilly.

Mark Twain's speech was in his own inimitable style—a story in a speech. He said: "I am perfectly astounded at the way in which history repeats itself. I find myself situated at this moment exactly and precisely as I was once before, years ago, to a jot, to a tittle—to a very hair. There isn't a shade of difference. It is the most astonishing coincidence that ever—but wait. I will tell you the former instance, and then you will see it yourself. Years ago I arrived one day at Salamanca, N. Y., eastward bound. Must change cars there and take the sleeper train. There were crowds of people there, and they were swarming into the long sleeper train and packing it full, and it was a perfect purgatory of rush and confusion and gritting of teeth and soft, sweet, and low profanity. I asked the young man in the ticket office if I could have a sleeping section, and he answered 'No,' with a snarl that shriveled me up like burned leather. I went off, smarting under this insult to my dignity, and asked another local official, supplicatingly, if I couldn't have some poor little corner somewhere in a sleeping car, and he cut me short with a venomous 'No, you can't; every corner's full. Now don't bother me any more;' and he turned his back and walked off. My dignity was in a state now which cannot be described. I was so ruffled that—well, I said to my companion, 'If these people knew who I am they—' but my companion cut me short there and said, 'Don't talk such folly. If they did

am they— but my companion cut me short there and said, 'Don't talk such folly. If they did know who you are, do you suppose it would help your high mightiness to a vacancy in a train which has no vacancies in it?' This did not improve my condition any to speak of, but just then I observed that the colored porter of a sleeping car had his eye on me. I saw his dark countenance light up. He whispered to the uniformed conductor, punctuating with nods and jerks toward me, and straightway this conductor came forward, oozing politeness from every pore, and said: 'Can I be of any service? Will you have a place in the sleeper?' 'Yes,' I said, 'and much obliged, too. Give me anything; anything will answer.' He said: 'We have nothing left but the big family stateroom, with two berths and a couple of armchairs in it, but it is entirely at your disposal. Here, Tom, take these satchels aboard.'

He touched his hat and we and the colored Tom moved along. I was bursting to drop just one little remark to my companion, but I held in and waited. Tom made us comfortable in that sumptuous great apartment and then said, with many bows and a perfect affluence of smiles, 'Now is dey anything you want, Sah? case you kin have jes anything you wants. It don't make no difference what it is.' I said, 'Can I have some hot water and a tumbler at 9 to-night, blazing hot? You know about the right temperature for a hot Scotch punch.' 'Yes, Sah, dat you kin; you kin pen on it. I'll get it myself.' 'Good! now that lamp is hung too high. Can I have a big coach candle fixed up just at the head of my bed, so that I can read comfortably?' 'Yes, Sah, you kin. I'll fix her up myself, an' I'll fix her so she'll burn all night. Yes, Sah; an' you can jes call for anything you wants, and dish yer whole railroad'll be turned wrong cend up an' inside out for to git it for you. Dat's so.' And he disappeared. Well, I tilted my head back, hooded my thumbs in my arm-holes, smiled a smile on my companion, and said gently, 'Well, what do you say now?' My companion was not in a humor to respond, and didn't. The next moment that smiling black face was thrust in at the crack of the door and this speech followed: 'Laws bless you, Sah, I knowed you in a minute. I told de conductah so. Laws! I knowed you de minute I sot eyes on you.' 'Is that so, my boy? [Handing him a quadruple fee.] Who am I?' 'Jennul McClellan,' and he disappeared again. My companion said vinegarishly, 'Well, well! what do you say now?' Right there comes in the marvelous coincidence I mentioned a while ago, viz., I was—speechless, and that is my condition now. Perceive it?"

VETERANS OF THE POTOMAC

THE ANNUAL MEETING AND FESTIVITIES.

HARTFORD FILLED WITH MEMBERS OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—THE PARADE AND BUSINESS MEETINGS—THE BANQUET—ADDRESSES BY GEN. SHERMAN, MARK TWAIN, AND OTHERS.

HARTFORD, June 8.—The heavy rain-storm of Tuesday morning probably kept away many who expected to attend the twelfth annual reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac. The attendance, nevertheless, was fully up to the average, and the rain ceased so that the parade ceremonies were not interfered with, although the streets were muddy. The corps meetings took place at the Capitol at 10 o'clock, and while they were in progress the First Regiment, C. N. G., was reviewed by Gov. Bigelow, assisted by Gen. Sherman and members of his staff. It was intended to have Secretary of War Lincoln attend the review and participate in the parade, but by some oversight he received no invitation from the Governor, and finally made his way to the Opera-house, in company with Gen. Horace Porter, escorted by Mr. Edgar T. Welles, who entertained them. The procession left the Capitol for the Opera-house soon after noon. It consisted of the First Regiment, the Governor's Foot Guard, the Tibbitts Corps, of Troy; Grand Army posts from Philadelphia and Springfield, members of the Army and Navy Club of Connecticut, the members of the Army of the Potomac, and carriages containing the Governor, prominent soldiers, and disabled veterans. Gens. Burnside, Wright, Franklin, Slocum, McMahon, Miles and others, chose to march through the mud with their respective corps.

The banquet took place at 9 o'clock. At that hour the Society of the Army of the Potomac, the Army and Navy Club of Connecticut, and the invited guests, marched into Allyn Hall, which was elegantly decorated. The galleries and boxes were filled with ladies and gentlemen. The floor of the hall was occupied by tables, with seats for about 130 persons. The whole interior of the hall presented a brilliant spectacle. A member of the Fifth Corps called for three cheers for the generous and patriotic citizens of Hartford. Grace was said by the Rev. J. H. Twichell, of this city. Soon after the company were seated, Secretary Lincoln and Gen. Sherman entered, and were greeted with enthusiastic applause by the soldiers and by the people in the galleries. Gen. H. G. Wright, President of the society, presided, Secretary Lincoln sitting at his immediate right, and Gen. Hawley and Gov. Bigelow at his left. Gens. Burnside, Sickles, Devens, Slocum, and other prominent Generals; Daniel Dougherty, ex-Gov. Jewell, Mark Twain, Mayor Bulkley, Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island, and other invited guests, also occupied seats at this table, which extended nearly the entire breadth of the hall, in front of the stage.

Soon after 10 o'clock Gen. Wright announced the first toast, "The President of the United States." Secretary Lincoln responded, being received with much applause. At the close of Secretary Lincoln's speech Gen. Barnum called for three cheers for the worthy and honored son of the great emancipator—Abraham Lincoln. They were given with a will. The second toast, "The United States," was responded to by Gen. Hawley, who spoke eloquently upon the magnificent growth of the Nation and its wonderful development since 1861. The toast to "the Governors of the States," was responded to by Gov. Littlefield, of Rhode Island. The next toast was "the Army and Navy." Gen. Sherman responded, and was greeted with cheers upon cheers. The next toast, "the State of Connecticut," was responded to by Gov. Bigelow. The toast, "The City of Hartford," was responded to by Mayor Bulkley and the Hon. Henry C. Robinson. The toast to "The Army of the Potomac" was responded to by Gen. Horace Porter. The next toast, "The Benefit of Judicious Training," was responded to by Mark Twain. Other toasts were as follows: "The Volunteers," by Gen. Daniel E. Sickles; "The Orator of the Day," Daniel Dougherty; "The Poet of the Day," Col. Samuel B. Sumner; "The Press," Gen. Nelson A. Miles.

MARK TWAIN'S RESPONSE.

To the regular toast, "The benefit of judicious training," Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) responded as follows:

"Let but the thoughtful civilian instruct the soldier in his duties, and the victory is sure."—*Martin Farquhar Tupper on the Art of War.*

MR. CHAIRMAN: I gladly join with my fellow-townsmen in extending a hearty welcome to these illustrious Generals and these war-scarred soldiers of the Republic. This is a proud day for us, and, if the sincere desire of our hearts has been fulfilled, it has not been an unpleasant day for them. I am in full accord, Sir, with the sentiment of the toast, for I have always maintained with enthusiasm that the only wise and true way is for the soldier to fight the battle and the unprejudiced civilian to tell him how to do it. Yet when I was invited to respond to this toast, and furnish this advice and instruction, I was almost as much embarrassed as I was gratified, for I could bring to this great service but the one virtue of absence of prejudice and set opinion. Still, but one other qualification was needed, and it was of only minor importance. I mean, knowledge of the subject. Therefore I was not disheartened, for I could acquire that, there being two weeks to spare. A General of high rank in this Army of the Potomac said two weeks was really more than I would need for the purpose. He had known people of my style who had learned enough in 48 hours to enable them to advise an army. Aside from the compliment, this was gratifying, because it confirmed an impression I had had before. He told me to go to the United States Military Academy at West Point, and said, in his flowery professional way, that the Cadets would "load me up." I went there and staid two days, and his prediction proved correct. I make no boast on my own account—none. All I know about military matters I got from the gentlemen at West Point, and to them belongs the credit. They treated me with courtesy from the first, but when my mission was revealed, this mere courtesy blossomed into warmest zeal. Everybody, officers and all, put down their work and turned their whole attention to giving me military information. Every question I asked was promptly and exhaustively answered; therefore I feel proud to state that in the advice which I am about to give you as soldiers, I am backed up by the highest military authority in the land—yes, in the world, if an American does say it—West Point.

To begin, gentlemen, when an engagement is meditated, it is best to feel the enemy first, that is, if it is night, for, as one of the Cadets explained to me, you do not need to feel him in the day-time, because you can see him then. I never should have thought of that, but it is true—perfectly true. In the day-time the methods of procedure are various, but the best, it seems to me, is one which was introduced by Gen. Grant. Gen. Grant always sent an active young man redoubt to reconnoitre and get the enemy's bearings. I got this from a high officer at the Point, who told me he used to be a re-

doibt on Gen. Grant's staff, and had done it often. When the hour for the battle is come, move to the field with celerity—fool away no time. Under this head I was told of a favorite maxim of Gen. Sheridan's. Gen. Sheridan always said, "If the siege train isn't ready, don't wait—go by any trains that are handy; to get there is the main thing." Now, that is the correct idea. As you approach the field it is better to get out and walk. This gives you a better chance to dispose of your forces judiciously for the assault. Get your artillery in position and throw out stragglers to the right and left to hold your lines of communication against surprise. See that every hod-carrier connected with a mortar battery is at his post. They told me at the Point that Napoleon despised mortar batteries, and never would use them. He said that for real efficiency he wouldn't give a natful of brickbats

for a ton of mortar. However, that is all he knew about it. Everything being ready for the assault you want to enter the field with your baggage to the front. This idea was invented by our renowned guest, Gen. Sherman. They told me that Gen. Sherman said that the trunks and baggage make a good protection for the soldiers, but that chiefly they attract the attention and rivet the interest of the enemy, and this gives you an opportunity to whirl the other end of the column around and attack him in the rear. I have given a good deal of study to this tactic since I learned about it, and it appears to me it is a rattling good idea. Never fetch on your reserves at the start. This was Napoleon's first mistake at Waterloo. Next, he assaulted with his bomb-proofs and ambulances and embrasures, when he ought to have used a heavier artillery. Thirdly, he retired his right by *ricochet*--which uncovered his pickets--when his only possibility of success lay in doubling up his centre, flank by flank, and throwing out his *chevaux de frise* by the left oblique to relieve the skirmish line and confuse the enemy--if such a manoeuvre would confuse him, and at West Point they said it would. It was about this time that the Emperor had two horses shot under him. How often you see the remark that Gen. So-and-So at such and such a battle had two or three horses shot under him. Gen. Burnside and many great European military men, as I was informed by a high artillery officer at West Point, have justly characterized this as a wanton waste of projectiles, and he impressed upon me a conversation in the tent of the Prussian chiefs at Gravelotte, in the course of which our honored guest just referred to--Gen. Burnside--observed that if "you can't aim a horse so as to hit the General with it, shoot it over him, and you may bag something on the other side, whereas a horse shot under a General does no sort of damage." I agree cordially with Gen. Burnside, and Heaven knows I shall rejoice to see the artillerists of this land and of all lands cease from this wicked and idiotic custom. At West Point they told me of another mistake at Waterloo, namely, that the French were under fire from the beginning of the fight till the end of it--which was plainly a most effeminate and ill-timed attention to comfort, and a foolish division of military strength; for it probably took as many men to keep up the fires as it did to do the fighting. It would have been much better to have had a small fire in the rear, and let the men go there by detachments and get warm, and not try to warm up the whole army at once. All the Cadets said that an assault along the whole line was the one thing which could have restored Napoleon's advantage at this juncture, and he was actually rising in his stirrups to order it, when a sutler burst at his side and covered him with dirt and debris, and before he could recover Wellington opened a tremendous and devastating fire upon him from an monstrous battery of vivandieres, and the star of the great captain's glory set to rise no more. The Cadet went while he told me these mournful particulars.

When you leave a battle-field always leave it in good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in the case of a drawn battle it is neither party's business to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the

good order. Remove the wreck and rubbish, and tidy up the place. However, in the case of a drawn battle it is neither party's business to tidy up anything. You can leave the field looking as if the City Government of New-York had bossed the fight. When you are traversing the enemy's country, in order to destroy his supplies and cripple his resources, you want to take along plenty of camp followers. The more the better. They are a tremendously effective arm of the service, and they inspire in the foe the liveliest dread. A West Point Professor told me that the wisdom of this was recognized as far back as Scripture times. He quoted the verse. He said it was from the new revision, and was a little different from the way it reads in the old one. I do not recollect the exact wording of it now, but I remember that it wound up with something about such and such a devastating agent being as "terrible as an army with bunners." I believe I have nothing further to add but this: The West Pointers said a private should preserve a respectful attitude toward his superiors, and should seldom, or never, proceed so far as to offer suggestions to his General in the field. If the battle is not being conducted to suit him, it is better for him to resign. By the etiquette of war it is permitted to none below the rank of newspaper correspondent to dictate to the General in the field.

MARK TWAIN TRANSLATED.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

In one of his essays on "Poets and Humorists" in the *Parlement* M. André Theuriet turns his attention to Mark Twain. That author can hardly be said to translate well, and the extracts from the famous histories of the "Jumping Frog" and the "Naughty Little Boy who was Never Punished" certainly look very ill at ease in their French dress. M. Theuriet struggles hard to be just to the American humorist, but he cannot quite suppress a groan over "this coarse-grained comedy," which has "nothing in common with Attic salt." If, notwithstanding his want of delicate fancy, Mark Twain is so much more road than writers of a far higher stamp, such as Wendell Holmes, this is due, according to M. Theuriet, to the "rustic tastes" of the American public. Despite all its primary education, America is still, from an intellectual point of view, a very rude and primitive soil, only to be cultivated by the application of violent methods. "These childish and half-savage minds are not moved, except by very elementary narratives composed

without art, in which burlesque and melodrama, vulgarity and eccentricity, are combined in strong doses." And therewith M. Theuriet passes on *per saltum* to bewail the evil effects of democracy upon literature—a well-worn theme indeed, but one which seems to possess for certain highly refined critics a perennial charm, hardly consistent with their constantly professed disdain for all that is hackneyed and commonplace.

MARK TWAIN'S NEW BOOK.

MONTREAL, Dec. 1.—Mark Twain's new book, "The Prince and Pauper," was published yesterday in London, in advance of its American issue. This priority of publication and the residence of the author in Canada under the imperial law protects the copyright in all British dominions. Mark Twain, the author, is residing in Canada to superintend the production of the Canadian copyright edition, which will be published soon by Daws Brothers, of Montreal.

AUTHORITATIVE CONTRADICTION.

MARK TWAIN INFORMS AN INQUIRING FRIEND
IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA THAT HE IS NOT
DEAD.

A gentleman in South Australia, who was under the impression that Mark Twain had once visited that far-away region, and when there had actually lodged under the same roof with his father, happened to hear recently that the famous humorist was dead. He was so much affected by the news that he at once wrote to Mr. Clemens to ascertain if it was true. The reply he received is printed in the *Adelaide Observer* of Oct. 15, and is as follows:

During the present year I have received letters from three gentlemen in Australia who had in past times known people who had known me "in Australia;" but I have never been in any part of Australia in my life. By these letters it appears that the persons who knew me there knew me intimately—not for a day, but for weeks, and even months. And apparently I was not confined to one place, but was scattered all around over the country. Also, apparently, I was very respectable; at least I suppose so, from the character of the company I seem to have kept—Government officials, ladies of good position, editors of newspapers, &c.

It is very plain, then, that some one has been in Australia who did me the honor to personate me and call himself by my name. Now, if this man paid his debts and conducted himself in an orderly and respectable way, I suppose I have no very great cause of complaint against him; and yet I am not able to believe that a man can falsely assume another man's name, and at the same time be in other respects a decent and worthy person. I suspect that, specious as this stranger seems to have been, he was at bottom a rascal, and a pretty shabby sort of rascal at that.

That is all I wished to say about the matter. There are signs that I have an audience among the people of Australia. I want their good opinion; therefore I thought I would speak up, and say that if that adventurer was guilty of any misconduct there, I hope the resulting obloquy will be reserved for him, and not leveled at me, since I am not to blame.

To-day's mail brings a letter to a member of my family from an old English friend of ours, dated "Government House, Sydney, May 29," in which the writer is shocked to hear of my "sudden death." Now, that suggests that that aforementioned impostor has even gone the length of dying for me. This generosity disarms me. He has done a thing for me which I wouldn't even have done for myself. If he will only stay dead now I will call the account square, and drop the grudge I bear him.

MARK TWAIN.

HARTFORD, United States of America, July 24, 1881.

MARK TWAIN IN MONTREAL

HIS SPEECH AT THE BANQUET IN HIS HONOR.

AN EXPLANATION HOW HE CAME TO BE
IN AN OSTENSIBLY FOREIGN LAND—
LOOKING FORWARD TO THE GOOD TIME
COMING WHEN LITERARY PROPERTY
WILL BE AS SACRED AS WHISKY.

There was a very pleasant gathering of gentlemen at the banquet given Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) at the Windsor Hotel, in Montreal, on Thursday evening. The *Gazette* says of it: "The assembly was essentially a gathering of the devoted admirers of a great genius, who sought in a peculiarly English way to evince their appreciation of his literary peerage. The gathering was thoroughly representative of the intellectual and commercial greatness of Canada." The chair was occupied by the Hon. Lucius Seth Huntington, who was supported on the right by the guest of the evening and Louis Fréchette, and on the left by Consul-General Smith, the Rev. J. F. Stevenson, and Mr. T. White, member of Parliament. After the toasts to the Queen and the President, the latter being responded to by Consul-General Smith, and a poem in French, composed and read by Mr. Fréchette, the Poet Laureate of Canada, the toast in honor of the guest of the evening was presented and was responded to by him as follows:

"That a banquet should be given to me in this ostensibly foreign land and in this great city, and that my ears should be greeted by such complimentary words from such distinguished lips, are eminent surprises to me; and I will not conceal the fact that they are also deeply gratifying. I thank you, one and all, gentlemen, for these marks of favor and friendliness; and even if I have not really or sufficiently deserved them, I assure you that I do not any the less keenly enjoy and esteem them on that account. When a stranger appears abruptly in a country, without any apparent business there, and at an unusual season of the year, the judicious thing for him to do is to explain. This seems peculiarly necessary in my case, on account of a series of unfortunate happenings here, which followed my arrival, and which I suppose the public have felt compelled to connect with that circumstance. I would most gladly explain if I could; but I have nothing for my defense but my bare word; so I simply declare, in all sincerity, and with my hand on my heart, that I never heard of that diamond robbery till I saw it in the morning paper; and I can say with perfect truth that I never saw that box of dynamite till the Police came to inquire of me if I had any more of it. These are mere assertions, I grant

any more of it. These are mere assertions, I grant you, but they come from the lips of one who was never known to utter an untruth, except for practice, and who certainly would not so stultify the traditions of an upright life as to utter one now, in a strange land, and in such a presence as this, when there is nothing to be gained by it and he does not need any practice. I brought with me to this city a friend—a Boston publisher—but, alas, even this does not sufficiently explain these sinister mysteries; if I had brought a Toronto publisher along the case would have been different. But no, possibly not; the burglar took the diamond studs, but left the shirt; only a *reformed* Toronto publisher would have left the shirt. To continue my explanation, I did not come to Canada to commit crime—this time—but to prevent it. I came here to place myself under the protection of the Canadian law and secure a copy-right. I have complied with the requirements of the law; I have followed the instructions of some of the best legal minds in the city, including my own, and so my errand is accomplished, at least so far as any exertions of mine can aid that accomplishment. This is rather a cumbersome way to fence and fortify one's property against the literary buccaneer, it is true; still, if it is effective, it is a great advance upon past conditions, and one to be correspondingly welcomed. It makes one hope and believe that a day will come when, in the eye of the law, literary property will be as sacred as whisky, or any other of the necessaries of life. In this age of ours, if you steal another man's label to advertise your own brand of whisky with, you will be heavily fined and otherwise punished for violating that trade-mark; if you steal the whisky without the trade-mark, you go to jail; but if you could prove that the whisky was literature you can steal them both, and the law wouldn't say a word. It grieves me to think how far more profound and reverent a respect the law would have for literature if a body could only get drunk on it. Still the world moves: the interests of literature upon our continent are improving; let us be content and wait.

"We have with us here a fellow-craftsman, born on our own side of the Atlantic, who has created an epoch in this continent's literary history—an author who has earned and worthily earned and received the vast distinction of being crowned by the Academy of France. This is honor and achievement enough for the cause and the craft for one decade, assuredly.

"If one may have the privilege of throwing in a personal impression or two, I may remark that my stay in Montreal and Quebec has been exceedingly

personal impression or two, I may remark that my stay in Montreal and Quebec has been exceedingly pleasant, but the weather has been a good deal of a disappointment. Canada has a reputation for magnificent Winter weather, and has a prophet who is bound by every sentiment of honor and duty to furnish it; but the result this time has been a mass of characterless weather, which all right-feeling Canadians are probably ashamed of. Still, only the country is to blame; nobody has a right to blame the prophet, for this wasn't the kind of weather he promised. Well, never mind; what you lack in weather you make up in the means of grace. This is the first time I was ever in a city where you couldn't throw a brick without breaking a church window. Yet I was told that you were going to build one more. I said the scheme is good, but where are you going to find room? They said, we will build it on top of another church and use an elevator. This shows that the gift of lying is not yet dead in the land. I suppose one must come in the Summer to get the advantage of the Canadian scenery. A cabman drove me two miles up a perpendicular hill in a sleigh and showed me an admirable snow-storm from the heights of Quebec. The man was an ass; I could have seen the snow-storm as well from the hotel window and saved my money. Still, I may have been the ass myself; there is no telling; the thing is all mixed up in my mind; but anyway there was an ass in the party; and I do suppose that wherever a mercenary cabman and a gifted literary character are paired together for business, there is bound to be an ass in the combination somewhere. It has always been so in my experience; and I have usually been elected, too. But it is no matter; I would rather be an ass than a cabman, any time, except in Summer-time; then, with my advantages, I could be both.

"I saw the Plains of Abraham, and the spot where the lamented Wolfe stood when he made the memorable remark that he would rather be the author of Gray's 'Elegy' than take Quebec. But why did he say so rash a thing? It was because he supposed there was going to be international copyright. Otherwise there would be no money in it. I was also shown the spot where Sir William Phipps stood when he said he would rather take a walk than take two Quebecs. And he took the walk. I have looked with emotion, here in your city, upon the monument which makes forever memorable the spot where Horatio Nelson did not stand when he fell. I have seen the cat which Champlain employed when he arrived overland at Quebec; I have seen the horse which Jacques Cartier rode when he discovered Montreal. I have used them both; I will never do it again.

I have used them both; I will never do it again. Yes, I have seen all the historical places; the localities have been pointed out to me where the scenery is warehoused for the season. My sojourn has been to my moral and intellectual profit; I have behaved with propriety and discretion; I have meddled nowhere but in the election. But I am used to voting, for I live in a town where, if you may judge by the local prints, there are only two conspicuous industries—committing burglaries and holding elections—and I like to keep my hand in, so I voted a good deal here.

"Where so many of the guests are French, the propriety will be recognized of my making a portion of my speech in the beautiful language in order that I may be partly understood. I speak French with timidity, and not flowingly—except when excited. When using that language I have often noticed that I have hardly ever been mistaken for a Frenchman, except, perhaps, by horses; never, I believe, by people. I had hoped that mere French construction—with English words—would answer, but this is not the case. I tried it at a gentleman's house in Quebec, and it would not work. The maid-servant asked, 'What would Monsieur?' I said 'Monsieur So-and-So, is he with himself?' She did not understand. I said, 'Is it that he is still not returned of his house of merchandise?' She did not understand that either. I said, 'He will desolate himself when he learns that his friend American was arrived, and he not with himself to shake him at the hand.' She did not even understand that; I don't know why, but she didn't and she lost her temper besides. Somebody in the rear called out, 'Qui est done la?' or words to that effect. She said 'C'est un fou,' and shut the door on me. Perhaps she was right; but how did she ever find that out? for she had never seen me before till that moment. But, as I have already intimated, I will close this oration with a few sentiments in the French language. I have not ornamented them, I have not burdened them with flowers of rhetoric, for, to my mind, that literature is best and most enduring which is characterized by a noble simplicity: *J'ai belle bouton d'or de mon oncle, mais je n'ai pas celui du charpentier. Si vous avez le fromage du brave menuisier, c'est bon; mais si vous ne l'avez pas, ne se desole pas, prenez le chapeau de drap noir de ton beau-frere malade. Tout a l'heure! Savoir faire! Qu'est ce que vous dit! Pate de fois gras! Beve-nons a nos moutons! Pardon, messieurs, pardonnez moi; essayant a parler la belle langue d'Ollendorff strains me more than you can possibly imagine. But I mean well, and I've done the best I could."* [Loud and continued laughter and applause.]

CANADA SURPRISES MARK TWAIN.

OTTAWA, Ontario, Dec. 16.—The application of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) for a Canadian copyright of his new book has been refused by the Department of Agriculture and Arts. The claim was based on Clemens's visit and domicile for two weeks in Montreal. The authorities decided that such residence is not a domicile.

HARTFORD, Conn., Dec. 16.—In relation to the refusal of the Canadian authorities to grant "Mark Twain" a copyright on his new book, the author says his interests are covered by the publication of the book in London a day before its publication here. The English copyright covers Canada, and he has retained counsel there to prosecute any attempts at piracy.

MARK TWAIN EXPLAINS.**WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY HIS SOJOURN
IN CANADA—THE COPYRIGHT LAWS.**

To the Editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican:

If you will glance at the first article in your second editorial column of to-day's issue you may find two things forcibly illustrated there: that the less a man knows about his subject the more glibly he can reel off his paragraph, and that the difference between the ordinary court and the high court of journalism is, that the former requires facts upon which to base an injurious judgment against a man, the other requires suspicions only. You have not caught me in any divergence from the truth, nor in any incompatibility. But a truce to that; under pretext of rising to defend myself, I have really risen for a more respectable purpose. Your remarks have, of course, disseminated the impression that in my humble person a greater was defeated in Canada and got its quietus, viz., Copyright; now, I think the fact is of public and general importance—and, therefore, worth printing—that the exact opposite was the case.

I applied formally for Canadian copyright and failed to get it. But this did not cripple my case, because by being in Canada (and submitting to certain legal forms) when my book issued in London I acquired both imperial and Canadian copyright. I did know several hours before I left Montreal—as heretofore stated in my name—that my application for legal copyright had been refused, but I also knew that my Canadian copyright was perfect without it, and that it would not have been (absolutely) perfect if I had not sojourned in Canada while the book was published in England and printed and published in Canada. Curious as it seems to seem to you, I did leave in Canada perfected arrangements for the prosecution of any who might pirate the book, although I had hardly the ghost of a fear that any attempt would be made to pirate it. Please do not laugh at me any more for this, for the act was not ridiculous. I was not protecting myself against an expectation, but only against a possibility. Perhaps you do not catch the idea. I will put it in another form: If you were going to stop over night with me I should not expect you to set fire to the place; still, I would step down and get the house insured just the same.

Have you ever read the Dominion copyright laws? And if so, do you think you understand them? Undeceive yourself; it is ten thousand to

them? Undeceive yourself; it is ten thousand to one that you are mistaken. I went to Canada armed to the teeth with both Canadian and American legal opinions. They were the result of a couple of months of inquiry and correspondence between trained Canadian and American lawyers. These men agreed upon but one single thing—that a perfect imperial and provincial copyright was obtainable through a brief sojourn in Canada and the observance of certain specified forms.

They were pretty uncertain (under one form of procedure) as to the possibility of acquiring a copyright from the Dominion Government itself; well, as before remarked, I tried that form; it failed, but no harm was done. Some little good was done, however; the experiment established the fact, as far as it can be established without the decision of a court, that "elective domicile" is not sufficient in a copyright matter. There was one other mode of procedure which promised considerably better—in fact, I was told that it had been tried already by a couple of American clergymen, and with success. This is, to kind of sort of let on, in a general way, in your written declaration to the Dominion Government, that you haven't come to Canada merely to sojourn, but to stay. My friend, there are reputations that can stand a strain like that; but you know, yourself, that it would not answer for you or me to take any such risk. I declined to try that mode.

MARK TWAIN.

HARTFORD, Conn., Sunday, Dec. 18, 1891.

MARK TWAIN ON THE PILGRIMS.

HIS EFFORT AT THE DINNER OF THE NEW-ENGLAND SONS IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Philadelphia *Press* says that when Mr. Samuel L. Clemens was called upon at the dinner of the Sons of New-England in that city on Thursday evening, he arose, and in a peculiar, sleepy manner began his remarks by thanking the company for the deserved compliment to himself and to his posterity. "I shall continue to do my best." drawled out the speaker, and he continued as follows:

"I rise to protest. I have kept still for years, but really I think there is no sufficient justification for this sort of thing. What do you want to celebrate those people for?—those ancestors of yours, of 1620—the Mayflower tribe, I mean. What do you want to celebrate them for? Your pardon; the gentleman at my left assures me that you are not celebrating the pilgrims themselves, but the landing of the pilgrims at Plymouth Rock on the 22d of December. So you are celebrating their landing. Why, the other pretext was thin enough, but this is thinner than ever; the other was tissue, tinfoil, fish-bladder, but this is gold leaf. Celebrating their landing! What was there remarkable about it, I would like to know? What can you be thinking of? Why, those pilgrims had been at sea three or four months. It was the very middle of Winter; it was as cold as death off Cape Cod, there. Why shouldn't they come ashore? If they hadn't landed there would be some reason in celebrating the fact. It would have been a case of monumental leatherheadedness which the world would not willingly let die. If it had been you, gentlemen, you probably wouldn't have landed, but you have no shadow of right to be celebrating, in your ancestors, gifts which they did not exercise, but only transmitted. Why, to be celebrating the mere landing of the pilgrims—to be trying to make out that this most natural, and simple, and customary procedure was an extraordinary circumstance—a circumstance to be amazed at and admired, aggrandized and glorified, at orgies like this for 260 years—hang it, a horse would have known enough to land; a horse—pardon again; the gentleman on my right assures me that it was not merely the landing of the pilgrims that we are celebrating, but the pilgrims themselves. So we have struck an inconsistency here—one says it was the landing, the other says it was the pilgrims. It is an inconsistency characteristic of your intractable and disputatious tribe, for you never agree about anything but Boston. Well, then, what do you want to celebrate those pilgrims for? They were a mighty

brate those pilgrims for? They were a mighty hard lot—you know it. I grant you, without the slightest unwillingness, that they were a deal more gentle and merciful and just than were the peoples of Europe of that day; I grant you that they were better than their predecessors. But what of that? that is nothing. People always progress. You are better than your fathers and grandfathers were, (this is the first time I have ever aimed a measureless slander at the departed, for I consider such things improper.) Yes, those among you who have not been in the penitentiary, if such there be, are better than your fathers and grandfathers were, but is that any sufficient reason for getting up annual dinners and celebrating you? No, by no means, by no means. Well, I repeat, those pilgrims were a hard lot. They took good care of themselves, but they abolished everybody else's ancestors. I am a border ruffian from the banner State of Missouri; I am a Connecticut Yankee by adoption. In me you have Missouri morals, Connecticut culture; this, gentlemen, is the combination which makes the perfect man. But where are my ancestors? Whom shall I celebrate? Where shall I find the raw material? My first American ancestor, gentlemen, was an Indian; an early Indian; your ancestors skinned him alive, and I am an orphan. Not one drop of my blood flows in that Indian's veins to-day. I stand here, lone and forlorn, without an ancestor.

"Later ancestors of mine were the Quakers William Robinson, Marmaduke Stevenson, et al. Your tribe chased them out of the country for their religion's sake; promised them death if they came back, for your ancestors had forsaken the homes they loved and braved the perils of the sea, the implacable climate, and the savage wilderness, to acquire that highest and most precious of boons—freedom for every man on this broad continent to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience; and they were not going to allow a lot of pestiferous Quakers to interfere with it. Your ancestors broke forever the chains of political slavery and gave the vote to every man in this wide land, excluding none! None except those who did not belong to the orthodox Church. Your ancestors—yes, they were a hard lot; but, nevertheless, they gave us religious liberty to worship as they required us to worship, and political liberty to vote as the Church required, and so, I, the heretic one; I, the forlorn one, am here to do my best to help them celebrate them right. The Quaker woman, Elizabeth Hooton, was an ancestress of mine. Your people were pretty severe with her—you will confess that. But, poor thing, I believe they changed her opinions before she died, and took her into their fold, and so we have every reason to presume that when she died she went to the same place which your ancestors went to. It is a great

place which your ancestors went to. It is a great pity, for she was a good woman. Roger Williams was an ancestor of mine. I don't really remember what your people did with him. But they banished him to Rhode Island, anyway. And then, I believe, recognizing that this was really carrying harshness to an unjustifiable extreme, they took pity on him and burned him. They were a hard lot. All those Salem witches were ancestors of mine. Your people made it tropical for them. Yes, they did; by pressure and the gallows, they made such a clean deal with them that there hasn't been a witch and hardly a halter in our family from that day to this, and that is 189 years. The first slave brought into New-England out of Africa by your progenitors was an ancestor of mine, for I am of a mixed breed, an infinitely shaded and exquisite mongrel. I'm not one of your sham meerschaums that you can color in a week. No, my complexion is the patient art of eight generations. Well, in my own time I had acquired a lot of my kin—by purchase and swapping around and one way and another—and was getting along very well. Then, with the inborn perversity of your lineage, you got up a war and took them all away from me. And so, again am I bereft, again am I forlorn; no drop of my blood flows in the veins of any living being who is marketable.

"Oh my friends, hear me and reform! I seek your good, not mine. You have heard the speeches; disband these New-England societies—nurseries of a system of steadily augmenting laudation and bosannahing, which, if persisted in, uncurbed, may some day in the remote future beguile you into prevaricating and bragging. Oh, stop, stop, while you are still temperate in your appreciation of your ancestors! Hear me, I beseech you; get up an auction and sell Plymouth Rock! The pilgrims were a simple and ignorant race; they never had seen any good rocks before, or at least any that were not watched, and so they were excusable for hopping ashore in frantic delight and clapping an iron fence around this one; but you, gentlemen, are educated; you are enlightened; you know that in the rich land of your nativity, opulent New-England, overflowing with rocks, this one isn't worth, at the outside, more than 35 cents. Therefore, sell it before it is injured by exposure, or at least throw it open to the patent medicine advertisements and let it earn its taxes.

"Yes, hear your true friend—your only true friend—list to his voice. Disband these societies, hotbeds of vice, of moral decay; perpetuators of ancestral superstition. Here on this board I see water. I see milk. I see the wild and deadly lemonade. These are but steps upon the downward path. Next we shall see tea, then chocolate, then coffee—hotel coffee. A few more years—all too few, I fear—mark my words, we shall have cider! Gentlemen, pause ere it be too late. You are on the broad road which leads to dissipation, physical ruin, moral decay, gory crime, and the gallows. I beseech you,

decay, gory crime, and the gallows. I beseech you, I implore you, in the name of your anxious friends, in the name of your suffering families, in the name of your impending widows and orphans, stop ere it be too late. Disband these New-England societies, renounce these soul-blistering saturnalia, cease from varnishing the rusty reputations of your long-vanished ancestors, the super-high-moral old iron-clads of Cape Cod, the pious buccaneers of Plymouth Rock—go home and try to learn to behave!

“However, chaff and nonsense aside, I think and honor and appreciate your pilgrim stock as much as you do yourselves, perhaps. And I indorse and adopt a sentiment uttered by a grandfather of mine, once—a man of sturdy opinions, of sincere make of mind, and not given to chatter. He said: ‘People may talk as they like about that pilgrim stock, but after all’s said and done, it would be pretty hard to improve on those people; and as for me, I don’t mind coming out flat-footed and saying there ain’t any way to improve on them—except having them born in Missouri!’”

15. December 29, 1881 - MARK TWAIN'S COPYRIGHT

MARK TWAIN'S COPYRIGHT.

WHY HIS APPLICATION WAS DENIED IN CANADA—POINTS OF CANADIAN LAW.

OTTAWA, Ontario, Dec. 28.—There has been some fearful blundering over the interpretation of the Canadian Copyright law within the past few weeks, and no one appears to have fallen into greater error than Mark Twain himself. He claims that when his book was issued in London, England, he acquired both an imperial and Canadian copyright, and although his application for local copyright had been refused, he knew his Canadian copyright was perfect without it. Mark Twain, to obtain an imperial copyright, had to submit to the conditions of the imperial act, which provides that the work must first be published in the United Kingdom, after which the copyright, so obtained, extends to all British possessions. Such copyright protects him against any Canadian reprint being made of his work, but does not save him, *per se*, from the importation into Canada of foreign reprints, having paid 12½ per cent. royalty at entering. Whereas, a Canadian copyright would have secured him from the introduction into Canada of any such foreign reprints. Mr. Clemens has fallen into error in supposing that he secures the same protection in the Dominion from an imperial copyright as he would from a copyright issued in Canada. Any person domiciled in Canada or in any part of the British possessions, or being a citizen of any country having an international copyright treaty with the United Kingdom, who is the author of any book, map, chart, or musical composition, &c., and legal representatives of such person, shall have the sole right and liberty of printing, reprinting, publishing, reproducing, and vending such literary or scientific works or compositions in whole or part, and of allowing translations to be printed or reprinted and sold of such literary works from one language into another language, for a term of 28 years from the time of recording the copyright. The *Canada Official Gazette* of Dec. 3 contained the following note:

Copyright Notice.—Notice is hereby given that an interim copyright has been taken out for a work entitled "The Prince and the Pauper," by Mark Twain. The Canadian edition will be published by Dawson Brothers, Montreal.

Although an interim registration was granted,

Although an interim registration was granted, the copyright was refused. In his application for an interim copyright, Mark Twain stated he was domiciled in Canada, whereas in his subsequent application for a full copyright he stated that he had an elective domicile in Canada, and consequently the second application was refused. In the eyes of the department here, there is a wide difference between being domiciled in the country and electing to domicile in the same country. It is held that a person is domiciled in a country who resides in said country, with the *animus manendi*, while in law an elective domicile is an address or place where it has been agreed that delivery will be accepted, although it does not follow that the person so electing his domicile there shall ever visit it. Another condition under which a Canadian copyright is granted is that the work be printed and published or reprinted and republished in Canada, whether published for the first time or contemporaneously with or subsequently to publication elsewhere, provided that in no case the exclusive privilege in Canada shall continue to exist after it has expired anywhere else.

Following closely upon the appointment of Mr. West as Commissioner of the British Government to confer with authorities at Washington on the subject of international copyright law, the case of Mark Twain has additional interest. During his recent visit to Washington it is understood that the Minister of Finance has conferred with Mr. West regarding the subject of international copyright treaty. Mr. West was instructed by the Imperial Government to confer with the Canadian Government and obtain such assistance as would enable the British Government to protect the interests of Canada in the event of an international copyright treaty being arranged between Great Britain and the United States. The result of Sir Leonard Tilley's interview with Mr. West has not been made public, although it is understood that the Dominion Government will afford Mr. West every facility to enable him to report at an early date to his Government. The Canadian Publishers' Association is now moving in the direction of petitioning the imperial Government for absolute power for the Dominion Parliament over copyright laws. The present Copyright act, which was passed by the Dominion Parliament in 1875, is also an imperial act, having been passed subsequently by the British Parliament and the House of Lords.

MARK TWAIN'S SUMMER HOME.

A VISIT TO HIS HOUSE AND STUDY IN THE SUBURBS OF ELMIRA.

Elmira (N. Y.) Correspondence Louisville Courier-Journal.

The Summer residence of Mr. Clemens is acknowledged to be here in the vicinity of Elmira, notwithstanding he has a house or two in other parts of the United States. His place is known as "Quairy Farm," which is also the residence of his sister-in-law, Mrs. Theodore Crane, and is situated about two miles away from the business portion of the city, on an eminence known as "East Hill." The funny man's house is reached from the city by a winding road, which is steep, very steep, and at times is really a dangerous driveway. We go thither in a coupé, drawn by two large horses, to whom the task of climbing seems not an unfamiliar one. Up and still up, and after an exciting dash up the hill-side we see the house in the distance and handkerchiefs fluttering from the veranda. A few moments later I alight from the coupé, and am seated in a huge easy chair with the members of Mark Twain's family on every side.

The house, an elegantly built and furnished structure, has an abundance of windows and glass doors on the south side, so that, from within, the lovely scenery in the valley below is plainly visible. An arched carriage-way connects with the veranda, and the whole is protected from glare and heat by vines and awnings so as not to obstruct the view. In front of the house and beyond, in place of the pretty lawn, is a huge field of oats, which completely shrouds the brow of the hill, and with its undulating surface softens and disguises any abruptness or roughness which there might otherwise be in the foreground.

The house throughout is furnished in an elegant and costly manner. Divans, Persian rugs, easy chairs, books, statuary, articles of *virtu* and bric-à-brac are on every side, and the whole has the appearance of a place where one could dream his life away. Mr. Clemens retires to his study every morning after breakfast and writes steadily until 4 in the afternoon. He does all of his own work, and employs neither secretary nor amanuensis. He has become quite proficient in the use of the type-writer, and utilizes that instrument in attending to his correspondence. During the past few weeks he has been somewhat annoyed by visitors and sight-seers. One day in the week (and this happens to be the very day) the genial humorist seeks repose and rest by going down to the city, meeting some of his relatives, and

this happens to be the very day) the genial humorist seeks repose and rest by going down to the city, meeting some of his friends, indulging in a hotel dinner and several games of billiards. This is what he calls rest from his literary labors. Owing to his absence we have an opportunity of peeping into his sanctum sanctorum. The visitor finds the humorist's study higher up the hill, in the rear of the house, and screened by vines and evergreens. It is a small octagonal building, containing but a single room. Here the humorist does the greater portion of his Summer's work, and here for eight Summers Mark Twain has worked industriously, for, notwithstanding the fact that he has been called indolent, he is a most indefatigable worker. To keep away the large number of sight-seers who come up the big hill to his sanctum, Twain has posted on the door the following novel sign: "Step Softly! Keep Away! Do not Disturb the Remains!" In spite of this characteristic warning we open the door and enter. The floor is bare, and has across one corner some pages of manuscript and scraps of newspaper articles pinned to it to prevent dispersion by the wind. There is a table in the centre of the room, covered with books, pamphlets, newspapers, manuscripts, and all the paraphernalia of authorship. On one side is a comfortable looking lounge, somewhat soiled by use, and over the fireplace is a shelf, on which rests a few books and a couple of boxes of choice cigars. That is all except a pervasive odor of smoke.

The 5 o'clock dinner hour brings Mark Twain up from the city, and he joins his family in the parlor. He is now 47 years of age, with iron-gray hair, cut rather short, and mustache of the same color. He is of medium height, inclining to portliness, has a small, black, piercing eye, and a rather aquiline nose. He is pleasant in his manner, and talks when he has anything to say, but has a particular horror of people who expect to be entertained by witty remarks, and especially of some who seem to think that they must talk nothing but nonsense in his presence. He is remarkably domestic in his tastes, and is blessed with a very lovely wife and three beautiful little daughters. Mrs. Clemens is a slender, graceful lady of rare beauty, genial, chaty, and charming. She is the daughter of the late J. Langdon, of Elmira.

MARK TWAIN'S BAROMETER.

From the Philadelphia Press.

Somebody was asking a Hartford man how it happened that Mark Twain wrote and published so little nowadays. "He writes as much as ever," was the reply, "but his barometer is out of order, and he does not know what to publish; so he publishes nothing."

"What in the world has his barometer to do with his literary activity?"

"His barometer is a man-servant named Jacob, who is remarkable for his deficient sense of humor. Mark never can judge of the merit of his own performances. Years ago he fell into the habit of testing everything that he wrote by observing its effect upon Jacob. If Jacob listened to the reading of the article, jest, or story with unmoved countenance, or merely smiled in a perfunctory way, Mark was satisfied and sent the manuscript to the printer. But if Jacob laughed outright, or gave any other indication of genuine merriment, the humorist concluded that the stuff was hopeless and withheld it from publication. He regarded Jacob as infallible, and came to lean upon his judgment.

"About three years ago, it appears, Jacob learned for the first time from some outsider that his master was a professional humorist. He felt greatly honored that he should have been chosen habitually to enjoy the first freshness of every new production of genius. He did not exactly understand why he should have been thus chosen, but felt in a vague way that a great humorist must need sympathy and appreciation, and must naturally look for it to the fellow-being nearest at hand. He also felt that he had perhaps failed to be at all times sufficiently appreciative. So Jacob kept his discovery to himself as far as his master was concerned, and resolved to be as appreciative in the future as anybody could desire.

"One day Mark called Jacob in and read him a sketch entitled 'The Cow and the Lightning-rod Man.' In composing it Mark had flattered himself that he had struck a pretty fine streak. To his amazement Jacob put back his head and roared. With a half suppressed ejaculation Mark dashed the manuscript into the waste-basket. Then Mark waited six weeks or two months to collect his forces (for he is never precipitate in anything he does,) and achieved a romance called 'How I Bounced the Baby.' He summoned Jacob and watched his face with obvious anxiety as he read the touching narrative. Jacob's mirth was painful to observe. Mark tore up the story and then tore his hair.

"Two or three experiments of this sort, with un-

Two or three experiments of this sort, with unvarying results, persuaded Mark Twain that the malaria, which he has been dreading ever since it began to creep up the Connecticut Valley, had reached him at last and destroyed his powers of usefulness. He fell into a settled melancholy. His friend, the Rev. Mr. Twichell, tried in vain to cheer him up. "Perhaps," suggested Twichell, "your man has really cultivated a sense of humor, so that you must no longer judge by opposites." Mark shook his head, and borrowed a volume of Jonathan Edwards's sermons from his friend's library. He copied out a long passage from the discourse on eternal punishment, and palmed it off on Jacob as his own latest effort. For the first time in history, the gloomy periods provoked peals of laughter. Jacob held his sides, and shook all over. Then he suddenly stopped, his countenance became blank, turned pale, and he incontinently fled. He had seen murder in his master's eye.

"That," said the Hartford man, in conclusion, "is why Mark Twain does not write. He hung his reputation as a humorist upon his barometer, and his barometer no longer works."

ON PLYMOUTH ROCK AGAIN

THE PILGRIMS' SONS TALKING OF THEIR FOREFATHERS.

NEW-ENGLAND MEN IN NEW-YORK CONGRATULATING THEMSELVES AND THE COUNTRY ON THEIR ANCESTORS' VIRTUES AND THE RESULTANT BLESSINGS.

The seventy-seventh annual dinner of the New-England Society of New-York was given at Delmonico's last evening, and about 250 gentlemen, members of the society and their friends, braved the inclement weather and celebrated the two hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims by attending the banquet. The banquet hall was decorated simply with American flags and streamers, and the shields of the 13 original States were scattered in convenient positions about the walls. The raised table for the officers and distinguished guests extended along the entire western end of the room, and below this five long tables stretched down the hall. These, however, were found insufficient to accommodate the large number of guests, and one of the parlors was transformed into a dining-room, in which covers were laid for about 25 of the guests. A string band enlivened the dinner with popular music. Josiah M. Fiske, President of the society, presided at the dinner, supported on the left by Gen. U. S. Grant, and on the right by Joseph S. Choate. The other guests at the principal table were Senator Miller, of California; Gov. John D. Long, of Massachusetts; Gen. Horace Porter, Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) the Rev. J. R. Paxton, Commodore Upshur, of the Brooklyn Navy-yard; Col. W. T. Vilas, of Madison, Wis.; Gov. Hobart V. Bigelow, of Connecticut; Mayor Grace, Benjamin D. Silliman, President of the Brooklyn New-England Society; Judge Abram R. Lawrence, Chauncey M. Depew, F. W. J. Hurst, and the Rev. Arthur Brooks. Among the guests at the other tables were Augustus G. Palne,

guests at the other tables were Augustus G. Paine, Isaac H. Bailey, D. F. Appleton, Dexter A. Hawkins, Randolph W. Townsend, Gardiner R. Colby, Marshall Jewell, Marvelle W. Cooper, Ethu Root, W. W. Niles, Frederick A. Potts, William Dowd, Stewart L. Woodford, E. N. Taler, Carlisle Norwood, Jr., Cornelius N. Bliss, J. Pierpont Morgan, Noah Brooks, Frederick Billings, Prof. Cilley, of Exeter, N. H.; William A. Wheelock, Judge Horace Russell, Samuel Shethar, Lorenzo G. Woodhouse, W. B. Dinsmore, and Albon P. Man.

It was nearly 9 o'clock before the descendants of the Pilgrims concluded the frugal repast which Delmonico had provided for them, and when cigars were lighted, the President, Josiah M. Fiske, called the assembly to order, the hum of conversation ceased, and amid profound silence the Rev. Arthur Brooks returned thanks. President Fiske then opened the literary portion of the feast by a brief address, which was applauded to the echo. Mr. Fiske said:

"We have assembled this evening to celebrate the seventy-seventh anniversary of our society—one so highly favored in having so many of New-England's noblest sons among its members. I know you will join me in welcoming to this banquet these distinguished and honored guests from sister States and sister societies, who commemorate with us the two hundred and sixty-second anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims. We meet under most happy auspices—our land overflowing with plenty and at peace with all the world. Our relations with sister societies are still, as ever, of a most cordial character. Through the generous contributions of our members, instigated by the zealous efforts of ex-President Appleton, our prospects are bright for the erection and unveiling within a year of the Pilgrim Statue in an appropriate place in Central Park, to command, we hope, the admiration and homage of all visitors. Allow me a word at this time in behalf of one of the needs of the society. It is a New-England Hall in this City—one adapted to all its wants. [Applause.] I hope some descendants of the Pilgrims will be induced to inaugurate and carry to a successful termination this work. Need I say that while we are grateful for all our blessings let us not forget those of our number who have passed away. And now, gentlemen, I shall leave it to the honored speakers of the evening to carry you back to Plymouth Rock and the days of your forefathers, but before doing so allow me to thank you most sincerely for the honor conferred upon me in re-electing me your President during my absence from the country, and to express my regrets that I have so poorly fulfilled the duties incumbent upon me."

"WOMAN—GOD BLESS HER."

The next toast on the list was "Woman—God Bless Her," and this was responded to by Mark Twain in an address which kept the tables in a roar for a quarter of an hour. The speaker brought his words out in an indescribable drawl, and puffed a cloud of smoke from his cigar between every two sentences. He said:

"The toast includes the sex, universally—it is to woman, comprehensively, wheresoever she may be found. Let us consider her ways. First, comes the matter of dress. This is a most important consideration in a subject of this nature, and must be disposed of before we can intelligently proceed to examine the profounder depths of the theme. For text let us take the dress of two antipodal types—the savage woman of Central Africa and the cultivated daughter of our high modern civilization. Among the Faus, a great negro tribe, a woman when dressed for home, or to go to market, or go out calling, does not wear anything at all but just her complexion. That is all; that is her entire outfit. It is the highest costume in the world, but is made of the darkest material. It has often been mistaken for mourning. It is the trimmest, and neatest, and gracefulest costume that is now in fashion: it wears well, is fast colors, doesn't show dirt; you don't have to send it down town to wash, and have some of it come back scorched with the flatiron, and some of it with the buttons ironed off, and some of it petrified with starch, and some of it chewed by the calf, and some of it rotted with acids, and some of it exchanged for other customers' things that haven't any virtue but holiness, and ten-twelfths of the pieces overcharged for, and the rest of the dozen 'mislaid.' And it always fits; it is the perfection of a fit. And it is the handiest dress in the whole realm of fashion. It is always ready, always 'done up.' When you call on a Fan lady and send up your card, the hired girl never says: 'Please take a seat, Madame is dressing; she will be down in three-quarters of an hour.' No, Madame is always dressed, always ready to receive; and before you can get the door-mat before your eyes she is in your midst. Then again the Fan ladies don't go to church to see what each other has got on; and they don't go back home and describe it and slander it. Such is the dark child of savagery as to every-day toilet, and thus curiously enough she finds a point of contact with the fair daughter of civilization and high fashion—who often has 'nothing to wear,' and thus these widely separated types of the sex meet upon common ground. Yes, such is the Fan woman, 'as she appears in her simple, unostentatious, every-day toilet. But on state occasions she is more dressy. At a ban-

on state occasions she is more dressy. At a banquet she wears bracelets; at a lecture she wears earrings and a belt; at a ball she wears stockings, and with true feminine fondness for display, she wears them on her arms; at a funeral she wears a jacket of tar and ashes; at a wedding the bride who can afford it puts on pantaloons. Thus the dark child of savagery and the fair daughter of civilization meet once more upon common ground, and these two touches of nature make their whole world kin.

Now we will consider the dress of our other type. A large part of the daughter of civilization is her dress, as it should be. Some civilized women would lose half their charm without dress, and some would lose all of it. The daughter of modern civilization, dressed at her utmost best, is a morsel of exquisite and beautiful art and expense. All the lands, all the climes, and all the arts are laid under tribute to furnish her forth. Her linen is from Belfast; her robe is from Paris; her lace is from Venice or Spain or France; her feathers are from the remote regions of Southern Africa; her furs from the remote home of the iceberg and the aurora; her fan from Japan; her diamonds from Brazil; her bracelets from California; her pearls from

Ceylon; her cameos from Rome; she has gems and trinkets from buried Pompeii, and others that graced comely Egyptian forms that have been dust and ashes now for 40 centuries; her watch is from Geneva; her card-case is from China; her hair is from—from—I don't know where her hair is from; I never could find out. That is, her other hair; her public hair, her Sunday hair; I don't mean the hair she goes to bed with. Why, you ought to know the hair I mean; it's that thing which she calls a switch, and which resembles a switch as much as it does a brickbat or a shot-gun or any other thing which you correct people with. It's that thing which she twists and then coils round and round her head, beehive fashion, and then tucks the end in under the hive and harpoons it with a hair-pin. And that reminds me of a trifle. Any time you want to, you can glance around the carpet of a Pullman car and go and pick up a hair-pin, but not to save your life can you get any woman in that car to acknowledge that hair-pin. Now, isn't that strange? But it's true. The woman who has never swerved from cast-iron veracity and fidelity in her whole life will, when confronted with this crucial test, deny her hair-pin. She will deny that hair-pin before a hundred witnesses. I have stupidly got into more trouble and more hot water trying to hunt up the owner of a hair-pin in a Pullman car than by any other indiscretion of my life.

"Well, you see what the daughter of civilization is when she is dressed, and you have seen what the daughter of savagery is when she isn't. Such is woman as to costume. I come now to consider her in her higher and nobler aspects—as mother, wife, widow, grass-widow, mother-in-law, hired girl, telegraph operator, telephone hollower, queen, book-agent, wet-nurse, step-mother, boss, professional fat woman, professional double-headed woman, professional beauty, and so forth, and so on. We will simply discuss these few—let the rest of the sex tarry in Jericho until we come again. First in the list, of right, and first in our gratitude, comes a woman who—why, dear me, I've been talking three-quarters of an hour! I beg a thousand pardons. But you see yourselves I had a large contract. I have accomplished something, anyway; I have introduced my subject, and if I had until next Forefather's day I am satisfied that I could discuss it as adequately and appreciatively as a so graceful and noble theme deserves. But as the matter stands now let us finish as we began and say, without jesting, but with all sincerity, 'Woman—God bless her!'"

TROLLOPE AND MARK TWAIN.

UNAVAILINGLY SEEKING INFORMATION ABOUT MUSTANG-RIDING.

Joaquin Miller in the Somerville (N. J.) Unionist.

Pardon one digression from New-York, as I must say one word respecting a friend just departed—Anthony Trollope. A strong man was he, with a great, good human heart. A power has gone out from London. A grand, steady, and sterling nature, and honest in all he did and said. There is little of the flash and sensation order of things to fascinate and fill the journals of to-day. And so it is this substantial pillar, which once bore more of London on its shoulders than most men know or London is willing to concede, has passed away and little is said. Strange he should have died so sudden and so soon, for physically he was the largest and most powerful of a large and powerful race of men. He always visited me on horseback in dense old London—the East side and most humble quarter of the city—and, mounted on a horse as large and powerful proportionately as himself, he was the marvel of the denizens as he slowly rode through the crowded and dingy streets. He was very partial to his saddle, and had spent years on horseback in Australia, where his sons, or the most of them, are settled, and are now engaged in raising sheep far in the interior. He had rode all over South America and Mexico, and while, I think, he had little admiration for my writings, he liked my preference for the saddle, and we often rode together. He did not like my big, showy Mexican saddle, however; and on my insisting on its superior advantages, he arranged that I should come to his country place, where he would furnish the horses and we could put the qualities of our respective saddles to the test.

I remember at a dinner at the Garrick Club, which he had given to Mark Twain and myself, he rode his favorite hobby, the saddle, almost to the verge of anger. You see Mark Twain was then lecturing, or about to lecture, on "Riding the Mustang." Trollope began to talk riding with the soup, and endeavored hard to draw the great humorist out and get the advantage of his long experience with the mustang in the far West. But Mark was silent and very thoughtful. He essayed once or twice to talk about Jerusalem, and even made some faint allusions to the old masters; he went off eloquently on the weather two or three times. But he left the discussion of the question entirely to Trollope and myself, greatly to the disappointment of the former.

appointment of the former.

After dinner as we sauntered back to Mark's hotel, (the Edwards's, St. George's-square,) where he was living in great state on the same floor with Disraeli. Mark pulled me up suddenly under a lamp-post, and said in his dry, slow, and inimitable way: "Look here, old boy, now why didn't you help me out of that hoss business, eh?"

"Didn't know you wanted any help, Mark."

"Well, now, didn't you see me trying to talk about Jerusalem and the weather and the state of future punishments? Why, look here." And he pulled out of his vest packet a short dozen of little bits of pasteboard. "See them? Tickets for that riding-school in Queen-street, down by Hydo Park. I bought a dozen of 'em the other day. Have 11 left. Take 'em; take 'em all. I'll never go back there as long as I live. I've used one. I got on one of the old mares there and she scraped me off, and I won't go back there no more.

"What?" said I, "don't you know how to ride?"

"Never was on a horse before, and never will be again. But, you see, as I am lecturing on how to ride a mustang, I thought I ought to know something about horses. But I know enough."

"But," said I, as we parted, "you don't mean to tell me you know nothing about horses?"

"Nothin', nothing at all, and don't want to. You see, I'm a steam-boat man."

MARK TWAIN LOSES A SUIT.

CHICAGO, Jan. 9.—Some time since Samuel L. Clemens brought suit in the United States Court against Belford, Clarke & Co., publishers, to restrain them from republishing his works. It appeared in evidence that the books republished were not copyrighted, but Clemens claimed his pseudonym of "Mark Twain" as a trade-mark. The court in its decision yesterday held that *noms de plume* could not be construed as trade-marks and that his failure to copyright left his works open to republication by any one.

*JUDGE CLEMENS.*HOW MARK TWAIN'S FATHER COMMANDED
SILENCE IN THE COURT-ROOM.*Communication to the St. Louis Republican.*

In 1843 at Hannibal, Mo., John Marshall Clemens, the father of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain,) filled the ancient and honorable office known as Justice of the Peace. He was a stern, unbending man of splendid common-sense, and was, indeed, the autocrat of the little dingy room on Bird-street, where he held his court, meted out justice and general satisfaction to litigants, commanded peace, and preserved order as best he could in the village. This room fairly indicated the rustic simplicity of the people and the frugal and careful manner in which Judge Clemens lived and transacted business. Its furniture consisted of a dry goods box, which served the double purpose of a desk for the Judge and table for the lawyers, three or four rude stools, and a puncheon bench for the jury. And here on court days, when the Judge climbed upon his three-legged stool, rapped on the box with his knuckles and demanded "Silence in the court," it was fully expected that silence would reign supreme. As a general thing the "rough and ready" characters who had lounged in to see the "wheels of justice" move bowed submissively to the mandates of the Judge and observed the utmost respect for "his Honor." Allen B. McDonald, an overbearing, turbulent, and quarrelsome man, was an exception, and many a time he had violated the rules and been rebuked by the court.

Late in the Fall of 1843 the case of Allen B. McDonald against Jacob Smith was on trial. Judge Clemens was presiding with his usual dignity, and the court-room was filled with witnesses and friends of the parties to the suit. The Hon. R. F. Lakenan, still living and in political life, represented the plaintiff, and old "Horse" Allen, now dead, was counsel for defendant. Frank Snyder, a peaceable citizen, had given his testimony in favor of defendant Smith, and resumed his seat, when McDonald, with an exasperating air, made a face at him. As quick as thought Snyder whipped out an old pepper-box revolver and emptied every barrel at McDonald, slightly grazing Mc's head with one shot, hurting no one else, but filling the room with smoke and consternation. In the confusion that followed, Judge Clemens, doubtless remembering McDonald's many mean tricks, instantly concluded that he was the aggressor, and gathering up a hammer that lay near by, he dealt him a blow that sent him senseless and quivering to the floor. The

sent him senseless and quivering to the floor. The irate court was complete master of the situation.

Judge Clemens was a kind hearted man, and was mortified when he learned that he had struck the wrong fellow, but the oldest inhabitants never heard him admit that it was "a lick amiss." He held his office for years afterward, and it is not recorded where any other disturbance ever occurred in his court-room. He died at a ripe old age, honored and respected by all who knew him, and now sleeps at a beautiful spot in Mount Olivet Cemetery, near Hannibal, a site selected and beautified by his son, "Mark Twain." The grave is marked by a pretty and tasteful monument, and many a traveler goes out of his way to view the last resting place of Judge Clemens, the father of the noted humorist.

MARK TWAIN'S COPYRIGHT STRUGGLES.

OTTAWA, May 29.—For several days past Mr. Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) has been a guest at the Government House. He has succeeded in securing a Canadian copyright for his last work, "Life on the Mississippi." His failure to secure Canadian copyright last year for his "Prince and Pauper" probably led him to take another course this time, which would be more likely to secure him the protection he desired. In the first instance, he brought out his new work in England, which entitled him to British copyright. This only gave him partial protection in the British colonies, as any foreign publisher could introduce his work in Canada by paying him a royalty of 12½ per cent. on the value of each volume. Not satisfied with this, and being determined that his works should be copyrighted in Canada, he transferred his work to his English publisher, Andrew Chatto, of London, who applied for and was granted Dominion copyright on May 15.

MR. MARK TWAIN EXCITED

ON SEEING THE NAME OF CAPT. C. C. DUNCAN IN PRINT.

AMID THE VERDURE OF HIS HARTFORD HOME
HE RELATES SOME FACTS IN THE CAREER
OF A PROUD FATHER OF THREE SONS.

HARTFORD, Conn., June 9.—With his strawberries and cream before him and his *NEW-YORK TIMES* in his hand, Mark Twain sat upon the portico of his handsome home this morning and made merry. He had chanced upon an item concerning an old acquaintance, Capt. C. C. Duncan, New-York's Shipping Commissioner and the father of the three illustrious young men whose powers of absorbing the funds of the United States Government are, as far as is now known, illimitable. "Well, well, well! So the old man's in hot water," says the author of "Roughing It" and "Tom Sawyer," with a mock expression of pity on his face, as he pushed aside his strawberries. "Poor devil! I should think that after a while he'd conclude to put a little genius into his rascality, and try to hoodwink the public as his little game of robbery goes on. It don't become a scoundrel to be an ass. The combination always makes a mix of things, and if Duncan will persist in his wicked ways somebody ought to have a guardian appointed for him—a guardian with sense enough to throw a little gauze over the work of the gouge. He is still Shipping Commissioner, is he? And his dear, noble boys surround him in his old age, supporting his steps, lightening his cares, and helping him to bankrupt the Government. Let us see, what does this item say: A bad man named Root, presuming on his position as a United States District Attorney, is mak-

a United States District Attorney, is making war on the magnificent patriot. And Root don't like the way in which the funds of the Shipping Commission are disbursed. He thinks it isn't just the thing for the gailant Duncan, after gobbling \$5,000 for personal salary, to give a half-dollar or so to an errand-boy and then cut the surplus into three equal parts and to each of the scions of the house of Duncan give an equal and exact third. A hard man to please is this District Attorney Root. He may bless his stars and fervently congratulate the Government that Capt. C. C. Duncan has not created a deficit, just to give his sons even money, say \$3,650, instead of \$3,648 30, as is the case.

"I see THE TIMES says that just about \$2,000 has been turned over to the Government's Treasury by Capt. C. C. Duncan during the 10 years he has been Shipping Commissioner. There must be some mistake here. If a single penny in any year, or by any means, has fallen into the Treasury, a doleful error has occurred. Old Duncan never intended it, and I'll wager this new white duck suit I put on this morning that when the old man read THE TIMES this morning and saw that a little cash had glided out of his grip, he hurried down town to cook up some job by which he could make the hoggish Government hand that cash back again.

"So he and his three sons appropriated to themselves \$15,944 90 of the Government's funds for the work they profess to have done last year. That's monstrous. There's no joke in that. It's scoundrelly, it's nauseating, bald, barefaced robbery; but it's Duncan, through and through. Why, my boy, if I wanted to get rich rapidly the one contract I'd most delight in making would be to hire 150 Duncan families by the year, and get just half of this \$15,944 90 which Capt. C. C. and his noble offspring take, and, as I calculate it, my profits would be precisely the whole amount the Government gave me if I hired them at their true value, for a Duncan of the C. C. stripe is worthless absolutely. Multiply him by 150, or 150 times 150, it will make no difference.

"Enough brains could not be found in a C. C. Duncan family to run the kitchen of a Sixth Ward restaurant respectably. Brains never

C. Duncan family to run the kitchen of a Sixth Ward restaurant respectably. Brains never were there; brains could not be induced to enter there; it is the old story of water declining to climb up hill. As to the matter of honesty, that always was an absent quality with the old man. Where the honesty ought to have been in his make-up an inscrutable Providence provided a vacuum, walled in by hypocrisy and the meanest of meanness.

"It has been my honor to know the old man for a number of years—longer, much longer, than has been to my profit, perhaps. The honor fell to me away back in 1867, when I got my text for 'Innocents Abroad' in his gorgeous scheme of an 'excursion to the Holy Land, Egypt, the Crimea, Greece, and intermediate points of interest.' People who have read my tract will remember that I was one of the victims of that excursion. And they may remember, too, how I endeavored to immortalize the fair name of Duncan, though through reverence to truth I was obliged faithfully to note some things which a narrow-minded world chose to set not down to the glory and honor of the man who left New-York Harbor a Captain, and developed within 24 hours into the ship's head waiter. Queer things happened on that excursion. I performed but my duty to the world and coming generations when I narrated those happenings in words of soberness and truth. But Capt. C. C. Duncan felt aggrieved. For years he kept his galled feelings pent up, but finally the time came when somebody advised him to enter the lecture field. He was going to explain all about the Holy Land as he saw it. He departed a little from his programme, and explained all about me as he did not see me. I smiled and said nothing for a time, and finally only wasted a little ink for a New-York newspaper after long and urgent solicitation.

"I don't think Capt. C. C. Duncan was any happier when I got through with him than he was before I began. I put on parade one or two of his little frauds that had not been seen hitherto. I called attention to his advertisements that on his big excursion Henry Ward Beecher, Gen. Sherman, Maggie Mitchell, and other celebrities were to be among the passengers; how none of them appeared; how none of them, I guess, ever had any thought of making the trip. I

ever had any thought of making the trip. I showed up a few other of his thinly disguised frauds and exposed him pretty thoroughly as an old piece of animated flatulence.

"To excoriate the old rascal began to give me fun. I didn't lack for ammunition. What I did not have in stock came to hand readily. I discovered that the world was fairly jammed with folks who had dealt with C. C. and sadly regretted it. A reputable New-York law firm supplied me with a big batch of indictments against the humbug mariner. The papers and documents they gave to support their charges were absolutely convincing. There was a long list of offenses. For instance, it was shown that on Dec. 18, 1867, Duncan filed a petition in bankruptcy, submitting his schedule of liabilities, amounting to \$166,000, and that among these debts, as sworn by himself, was one of \$5,265 28 to J. G. Richardson, of Liverpool, England. This was the proceeds of a consignment of canvas sold by him on account of Richardson and retained by him. He was also obliged to show an item of \$634 42 for money collected by Duncan for Hall, Cornish & Co. and not paid over to them. Of course, this was rank dishonesty. There were other equally questionable items in the schedule. But this was not all.

"But, bah! It disgusts me to recite this fellow's manifold offenses. A half-dozen years ago I read a paragraph in THE NEW-YORK TIMES chronicling some of Duncan's wickedness, and what I wrote for publication then I reiterate now. I have known and observed Duncan for years, and I think I have reason for believing him wholly without principle, without moral sense, without honor of any kind. I think I am justified in believing that he is cruel enough and heartless enough to rob any sailor or sailor's widow or orphan he can get his clutches upon, and I know him to be coward enough. I know him to be a canting hypocrite, filled to the chin with sham godliness and forever oozing and dripping false piety and pharasaical prayers. I know his word to be worthless. It is a shame and a disgrace to the civil service that such a man was permitted to work himself into an office of trust and responsibility. And I repeat to-day what I said then, that the act creating the 'Shipping Commission,' concocted by himself for his own profit, was simply and

purely an act to creat a pirate—a pirate that
has flourished and still flourishes.

“I tell you, my boy, Judas Iscariot rises
into respectability, and the star route rogues
are paragons compared with this same centing
C. C. Duncan, Shipping Commisiener.”

And Mark Twain resumed his strawberries.

MARK TWAIN ON COPYRIGHT LAW.

The editor of the *Boston Musical Record* a few weeks ago wrote Mr. Samuel L. Clemens for his opinion on an international copyright law, and this was the reply: "I am 47 years old, and therefore shall not live long enough to see international copyright established; neither will my children live long enough; yet, for the sake of my (possible) remote descendants, I feel a languid interest in the subject. Yes—to answer your question squarely—I am in favor of an international copyright law. So was my great grandfather—it was in 1847 that he made his struggle in this great work—and it is my hope and prayer that as long as my stock shall last the transmitted voice of that old man will still go ringing down the centuries, stirring the international heart in the interest of the eternal cause for which he struggled and died. I favor the treaty which was proposed four or five years ago and is still being considered by our State department. I also favor engraving it on brass. It is on paper now. There is no lasting quality about paper."

MARK TWAIN AGGRIEVED.

**WHY A STATUE OF LIBERTY WHEN WE HAVE
ADAM!**

Mark Twain was asked to contribute to the album of artists' sketches and autograph letters, to be raffled for at the Bartholdi Pedestal Fund Art Loan Exhibition, and this is his response, which accompanied his contribution:

You! know my weakness for Adam, and you know how I have struggled to get him a monument and failed. Now, it seems to me, here is my chance. What do we care for a statue of liberty when we've got the thing itself in its wildest sublimity? What you want of a monument is to keep you in mind of something you haven't got—something you've lost. Very well; we haven't lost liberty; we've lost Adam.

Another thing; What has liberty done for us? Nothing in particular that I know of. What have we done for her? Everything. We've given her a home, and a good home, too. And if she knows anything, she knows it's the first time she ever struck that novelty. She knows that when we took her in she had been a mere tramp for 6,000 years, Biblical measure. Yes, and we not only ended her troubles and made things soft for her permanently, but we made her respectable—and that she hadn't ever been before. And now, after we've poured out these Atlantics of benefits upon this aged outcast, lo! and behold you; we're asked to come forward and set up a monument to her! Go to. Let her set up a monument to us if she wants to do the clean thing.

But suppose your statue represented her old, bent, clothed in rags, downcast, shame-faced, with the insults and humiliation of 6,000 years, imploring a crust and an hour's rest for God's sake at our back door?—come, now you're shouting! That's the aspect of her which we need to be reminded of, lest we forget it—not this proposed one, where she's hearty and well-fed, and holds up her head and flourishes her hospitable schooner of flame, and appears to be inviting all the rest of the tramps to come over. O, go to—this is the very insolence of prosperity.

But, on the other hand—look at Adam. What have we done for Adam? Nothing. What has Adam done for us? Everything. He gave us life, he gave us death, he gave us heaven, he gave us hell. These are inestimable privileges—and remember, not one of them should we have had without Adam. Well, then, he ought to have a monument—for Evolution is steadily and surely abolishing him; and we must get up a monument, and be quick about it, or our children's children will grow up ignorant that there ever was an Adam. With trifling alterations, this present statue will answer very well for Adam. You can turn that blanket into an uister without any trouble: part the hair on one side, or conceal the sex of his head with a fire helmet, and at once he's a man; put a harp and a halo and a palm branch in the left hand to symbolize a part of what Adam did for us, and leave the fire-basket just where it is, to symbolize the rest. My friend, the father of life and death and taxes, has been neglected long enough. Shall this infamy be allowed to go on or shall it stop right here?

Is it but a question of finance? Behold the inclosed (paid bank) checks. Use them as freely as they are freely contributed. Heaven knows I would there were a ton of them; I would send them all to you, for my heart is in this sublime work!

S. L. C.

*GENIUS AND VERSATILITY.***MR. CABLE EXHIBITS BOTH AND MARK
TWIN SOMETHING ELSE.**

A numerous and enthusiastic audience assembled in Chickering Hall last evening to listen to readings from the writings of Mr. Samuel L. Clemens—who prefers to be known as “Mark Twain”—and Mr. George W. Cable. The gentlemen who read were the gentlemen who had written. The management, in its newspaper advertisements, spoke of the entertainment as a “combination of genius and versatility,” but neglected to say which of the gentlemen had the genius and which the versatility. Some of those who were present last evening may have felt justified in coming to the conclusion that Mr. Cable represented both these elements, while Mr. Clemens was simply man, after the fashion of that famous hunting animal one-half of which was pure Irish setter and the other half “just plain dog.” Mr. Cable was humorous, pathetic, weird, grotesque, tender, and melodramatic by turns, while Mr. Clemens confined his efforts to the ridicule of such ridiculous matters as aged colored gentlemen, the German language, and himself.

It became evident early in the evening that the gentleman who conceived the plan of bringing these two readers together had a marvelous faculty for grasping the sublimest possibilities of contrast. The audience appeared, however, to enjoy the sensation of dropping abruptly downward from such delightful people as Narcisse, Ristofalo, and Kate Riley to such earthy creatures as Huckleberry Finn.

The first selection was from “Dr. Sevier,” the interesting scene in which Narcisse thinks he can “baw that fifty dolla’” himself. Then Mr. Clemens recited a selection from “The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn,” which will be continued in Mr. Clemens’s next book. Mr. Cable followed with the scene from “Dr. Sevier,” in which Kate Riley yields her hand so eagerly to Ristofalo. The audience appeared to enjoy hugely the Italian’s complacent “Da’s all right.” Mr. Clemens then read his “Tragic Tale of a Fishwife,” which contained some remarkable linguistic contortions produced by adapting the German genders to the English language. Mr. Clemens was recalled after this effort and ladled out another section of the “Huckleberry Finn” advance sheets.

Then Mr. Cable read “A Sound of Drums,” from “Dr. Sevier.” This masterly bit of word-painting was recited with fine elocutionary art, and held the audience spellbound to the close, when a burst of enthusiastic applause recalled Mr. Cable to the stage and compelled him to sing one of the old Confederate war songs that he learned by the camp fire. Mr. Clemens recited “A Trying Situation,” one of those peculiar productions which attributes to its author much idiocy, and suggests the thought that it was written in the hope that it would make men deem the writer a very different kind of man. Mr. Cable’s last selection from “Dr. Sevier” was “Mary’s Night Ride,” in which weirdness, tenderness, and melodramatic force were joined with a rare skill that evoked hearty and continued applause.

Mr. Clemens concluded the entertainment with “A Ghost Story,” which had no merit beyond the reader’s suggestion that it was a queer story to tell children at bedtime. This afternoon the same programme will be given, and this evening this combination of contrasts will present a fresh batch of readings.

PUT HIM ON THE WITNESS STAND

HE MAY MAKE ANOTHER EXTRAORDINARY EXHIBITION OF HIMSELF.

BOSTON, Mass., Dec. 30.—Samuel L. Clemens, (Mark Twain,) through his counsel, George L. Huntress, filed to-day in the United States Circuit Court a bill in equity against Estes & Lauriat, publishers, praying that they may be restrained from further distribution of a catalogue of books in which they announce that the forthcoming book by Mark Twain, entitled "Huckleberry Finn," is now ready for sale at a price reduced from \$2 75 to \$2 25. The bill alleges that said Estes & Lauriat publish said statement knowing it to be untrue and for the purpose of injuring the author and interfering in his business and hindering and delaying sales by his authorized agents at the regular subscription price of \$2 75; that Estes & Lauriat have not said book for sale, and have never even seen a copy; that said book has not been published, as they well know, and is not for sale by any one; that said statement is made for the purpose of preventing subscriptions, and is false; that no copies of said book are to be sold except to subscribers, and that even after publication it can be obtained by Estes & Lauriat only by collusion and conspiracy with the plaintiff's agents and by inducing them to break their lawful contract with the plaintiff to sell only to subscribers, and that they are now so conspiring. The bill also alleges past damages.

Judge Colt has issued an order to the defendant to appear on Tuesday, Jan. 6, to show cause, at which time the plaintiff will make a formal motion for an injunction. This is a test question between rival methods of publishing popular books.

MARK TWAIN A PLAINTIFF.

HE SEEKS TO PREVENT THE SALE OF ONE OF
HIS BOOKS AT A REDUCED PRICE.

BOSTON, Jan. 14.—Judge Colt heard, this morning, in the United States Circuit Court, the case of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) against Estes & Lauriat, publishers, in this city. The complainant wished to enjoin Estes & Lauriat from issuing a catalogue offering Mark Twain's unpublished book, "Huckleberry Finn," at a price less than the subscription rate, and also from collusion with the subscription agents, so as to obtain the books at a price less than their agreement allowed. George L. Huntress and S. Lincoln appeared for Mr. Clemens, and S. J. Elder for Estes & Lauriat. Mr. Huntress explained the difference between the "subscription" method of sale and the "trade" method, and declared that the custom had always been that subscription books should not be sold to the trade and should not be sold at prices less than the rate set by the publishers. He cited the case of Prince Albert against Strange. The latter obtained plates of a private book of etchings of Prince Albert and the Queen and advertised the etchings for exhibition. He was restrained not only from exhibiting the etchings but also from advertising them. Mark Twain's book will not be ready for four or five weeks, yet last month Estes & Lauriat advertised in their catalogue the book as then ready for sale at the price of \$2 25, instead of \$2 75, the subscription rate. They based their advertisement on the probability of causing some agent to break his agreement by selling to them at reduced rates. The affidavit of Charles L. Webster, of New-York, publisher for Mark Twain, stated the agreements which every agent had to sign, agreeing not to sell the book to booksellers or to any one except subscribers. The affidavits of Charles E. Lauriat, Dana Estes, and others connected with the firm offered testimony substantiating the declarations of counsel. They denied having approached any agent to corrupt him. Mr. Elder stated that out of courtesy the firm would not send out any more catalogues, but good faith with their customers required them to fulfill the orders already received and to be received. Upon the convening of the court in the afternoon Mr. Lincoln made his argument for Mr. Clemens, and Mr. Elder cited certain authorities bearing upon his side of the case, and the court took the papers and reserved decision.

TRASHY AND VICIOUS.

From the Springfield Republican.

The Concord public library committee deserve well of the public by their action in banishing Mark Twain's new book, "Huckleberry Finn," on the ground that it is trashy and vicious. It is time that this influential pseudonym should cease to carry into homes and libraries unworthy productions. Mr. Clemens is a genuine and powerful humorist, with a bitter vein of satire on the weaknesses of humanity which is sometimes wholesome, sometimes only grotesque, but in certain of his works degenerates into a gross trifling with every fine feeling. The trouble with Mr. Clemens is that he has no reliable sense of propriety. His notorious speech at an Atlantic dinner, marshaling Longfellow and Emerson and Whittier in vulgar parodies in a Western miner's cabin, illustrated this, but not in much more relief than the "Adventures of Tom Sawyer" did, or than these Huckleberry Finn stories do. The advertising samples of this book, which have disfigured the *Century* magazine, are enough to tell any reader how offensive the whole thing must be. They are no better in tone than the dime novels which flood the blood-and-thunder reading population. Mr. Clemens has made them smarter, for he has an inexhaustible fund of "quips and cranks and wanton wiles," and his literary skill is, of course, superior, but their moral level is low, and their perusal cannot be anything less than harmful.

FOR THE ACTORS' FUND.

PHILADELPHIA, April 9.—The benefit performance of the Actors' Fund of America drew a large audience at the Academy of Music this afternoon. Most of those who took part in the performance came from New-York in a special car. Harry Miner, the President of the Actors' Fund; J. W. Ryckman, Secretary; Col. Sinn, of the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, and John Poole, of Niblo's, were with the party. There were nearly 50 ladies and gentlemen. Several members of the Reception Committee met them at Trenton and returned with them to this city. The performance began with an overture by the combined orchestras of Philadelphia, under the direction of Simon Hassler. James H. Heverin then delivered an address. The Madison-Square company gave the first act of "The Private Secretary," McCaull's Opera Company the second act of "Apajune," and Joseph Murphy and Ella Baker appeared in the second act of "Shaun Rhue." Mark Twain recited "The Tragic Tale of the Fishwife," Pauline Hall sang a solo, "Prof." Kellar gave one of his "cabinet" performances, Will S. Rising sang a Neapolitan song, the orchestra, conducted by Harry Saxton, played an overture, and the Selbino trio displayed their skill on the bicycle. President Miner stated that the receipts of the performance would be about \$3,400.

AN INJUNCTION REFUSED.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 9.—Judge Butler, in the United States District Court, rendered a decision to-day in the application of Samuel L. Clemens (Mark Twain) in behalf of C. L. Webster & Co., of Hartford, Conn., for a preliminary injunction to restrain sale of copies of Gen. Grant's personal memoirs in this city by John Wanamaker & Co. In his opinion Judge Butler says: "If this case was substantially identical with the publishing company against Smith, recently decided by the Circuit Court for Ohio, we would esteem it our duty to follow the ruling in that case and grant the writ. It is not, however. In some material respects the cases are clearly distinguishable. The one before us seems to resemble Clemens against Estes, 22 Fed. Rep., 899, in which the writ was refused. As the question must be further considered on final hearing, when the facts may be more fully developed, it would be unwise to discuss it at this time. After full consideration the complainant's rights, as disclosed by the affidavits and accompanying papers, are not deemed sufficiently clear to warrant the preliminary writ asked for."

MARK TWAIN'S ENGLISH ROYALTIES.

From the Pall Mall Gazette.

Until some aggrieved author assassinates the President of the United States so long will the brains of the English author be stolen and served up as cheap *plats* by the pirate publishers of America. Messrs. Chatto and Windus publish some of Bret Harte's books. Artemus Ward's, and Mark Twain's. As might be expected, there is little sale for Artemus. Bret Harte is popular, but Mark Twain makes a really handsome income by his books, which are, of course, copyright. Messrs. Chatto and Windus are Mr. Clement's English publishers. His books, I should say, are 11 in number, published at prices varying from 7s. 6d. to 2s. The following are the payments made to him in royalties: £1,281, £1,522, £610, £904, £356, £979, £471, £70, £162, £398, £960; total, £7,713, or an annual income of over £1,000. *Verbum sap.*

BASEBALL AT DELMONICO'S.**BANQUET TO THE BALL TOSSERS WHO
WENT AROUND THE WORLD.**

Baseball heretofore has been regarded as an athletic game, in which muscle and a desire to dispute with the umpire have been potent factors. But that is all a mistake. Baseball is an intellectual pursuit, which is indulged in only by gentlemen of the highest mental calibre, and by those whose minds have undergone a singularly-stringent training in the matter of intellectuality. This fact was established last night at a dinner given in the great banquet hall at Delmonico's to the players whose tour through various foreign lands gave the American national game a world-wide fame.

The banquet hall was jammed with people and enthusiasm and champagne went hand-in-hand. Champagne sometimes got the better of enthusiasm, but the intellectuality of the gathering was its most conspicuous feature. Among the speakers calling the deepest and heartiest cheers from the lungs of the listeners were Mr. "Baby" Anson and the Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, Mr. "Johnny" Ward and the Hon. Daniel Dougherty, Mr. "Jimmy" Manning and Alfred C. Chapin, Mayor of Brooklyn; Mr. "Freddy" Pfeffer and Judge Henry E. Howland.

Gov. Hill of New-York, Gov. Bulkeley of Connecticut, Gov. Green of New-Jersey, and Mayor Grant were to have added to the pleasure of the evening, but each sent a letter of regret affirming that baseball was the noblest and most exhilarating, intellectual game that man had ever devised.

Mayor Chapin was the first speaker. The fact that he hadn't seen a game of baseball for 25 years seemed to weigh upon Mr. Chapin's mind, and he said he only felt justified as appearing at this flow of reason by the fact that Brooklyn was familiarly regarded as the birth-place of baseball, and he lived in Brooklyn.

Mr. "Baby" Anson was considerably embarrassed when he rose to his feet, but was also thankful that he had been permitted to assist in teaching the world what it most needed to know, and Mr. "Johnny" Ward seemed glad of the opportunity given him to display his singularly-correct knowledge of the English language.

Other speeches were made by gentlemen to whom the less intellectual habit of talking was most familiar, and the erudite persons present made generous allowance for their shortcomings. They were Mark Twain, Mr. Depew, Mr. Dougherty, Erastus Wiman, Judge Howland, J. Seaver Page, and Mr. William H. McElroy.

Mr. De Wolf Hopper and Mr. Digby Bell, gentlemen who combine an intellectual knowledge of baseball with a physical knowledge of how to be funny, came in late and made speeches.

Some of the names of these members ought to be given that they might henceforth be regarded as patrons of high art. Besides those already mentioned there were present Macgrane Cox, C. T. Dillingham, Commodore James D. Smith, Frank Millett, Clay M. Greene, Joseph J. O'Donohue, Hon. S. Beattie, Theodore Roosevelt, Elliott Roosevelt, Paul Dana, Arthur T. Sullivan, Judge H. A. Gildersleeve, Hermann Oelrichs, and Col. John A. McCaull.

The baseball season has begun.

MARK TWAIN AND HIS BOOK

THE HUMORIST ON THE COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

THE SPREAD OF FOREIGN NOTIONS NOT TO HIS LIKING—WHAT HIS ENGLISH PUBLISHER DARED NOT PRINT.

"Where is Farmington-avenue?" asked a stranger on arriving at the Hartford (Conn.) station the other day.

"Do you know Mark Twain's?" was the interrogative response, from which it would seem that Mark is a more conspicuous object in the topography of Hartford than the magnificent avenue on which his house stands. If you walk along this avenue for a mile, you come to Mark Twain's on the left, at 351. The house is in a beautiful situation, especially in Summer, but just now the trees about it are bare, the creepers on the veranda are withered, and no ever-green shrubs brighten the lawn.

Two black-and-tan collies, however, guarded the entrance the other day, and a pull at the bell brought a polite negro to the door. Mr. Clemens soon appeared, clad in a light gray suit. His fine profusion of hair is silvering fast, but remains in a state of artistic disorder characteristic of it. His mustache clings to its red-dish hue, and his heavy eyebrows appropriately maintain a just equilibrium as to color.

Mr. Clemens, as is his custom, spoke very quietly and slowly. His new book will be published in New-York on the 10th, but before then he will pay a flying visit to Canada. He will just look over the frontier and register on the other side. He could register nearer home with less trouble, but his peep into Canada will secure him copyright there and in England. Mr. Clemens had something to say about this new book, and about how he had been obliged to modify it to suit the English publisher.

Mr. Clemens was one of the first leaders in the modern fight for copyright. Many years ago, when only a young author, he started in like a knight-errant to secure copyright, but the crusade collapsed because the hero was not backed up. He advocated and took an active interest in the Chace bill of last session.

"Had the same party been in power," said Mr. Clemens, "I would have gone to Washington again with the boys. But I don't know the feeling of the present Congress, and I have not

feeling of the present Congress, and I have not much faith in a Republican Congress anyway. They are more likely to clap on more protection where it isn't needed than to pass a measure which would do some good. Every one ought to get value for his labor, whether he makes boots or manuscripts."

"What do you think of the opinion held by an eminent American author, that American literature is now on its legs, and does not need protection since it has survived and overcome competition with pirated reprints?"

"That," said Mr. Clemens, "is true as far as it goes, but it does not go far enough. Publishers, as it happens, are constructed out of pretty much the same material as other people, and they are not likely to pay a royalty on a book by an unknown American author when they can get works by established authors for nothing. I may as well speak out on this question—a month ago I wouldn't have done it,—but now—yes, I will speak out. This, then, understand, is not simply a question of protecting American authors. What becomes of them, whether they live or die, is of no consequence. It is not merely a question of copyright. It is a question of maintaining in America a national literature, of preserving national sentiment, national politics, national thought, and national morals.

"What becomes of a dozen chuckleheaded authors, who can go and saw wood if they like, is the merest trifle compared with the great, colossal, national stakes involved. We are fed on a foreign literature, and imbibe foreign ideas. But if I were to go to England and write down what I think of their monarchical shams, pour out my utter contempt for their pitiful Lords and Dukes, and preach my sermon, I would not be able to get my views published. No English publisher would do it. But if a foreigner comes along here, and after looking around for few minutes goes home and writes a book, abusing our President and reviling our institutions, his views are published and his book is gobbled up by American publishers, and circulated throughout the country for 20 cents a copy.

"Foreigners after that tell us that we are thin-skinned. 'You Americans are very thin-skinned,' they say. Our skin is not so very thin, but it would be tough if it were not lacerated by such things as these. And then, our newspapers are abused. We are told that they are irreverent, coarse, vulgar, ribald. I hope they will remain irreverent. I would like that irreverence to be preserved in America for ever and ever—irreverence for all royalties and all those titled creatures born into privilege. Merit alone should constitute the one title to eminence, and we Americans can afford to look down and spit upon miserable titled nonentities.

"But I am sorry that some of our newspapers are losing their irreverence. They publish too much about that puppet of an Emperor in Germany. And this dissemination of foreign literature is affecting our women. There are women in America—and perfectly respectable women—who are ready to sell themselves to anything

who are ready to sell themselves to anything bearing the name of Duke."

Mr. Clemens was carried away by indignation when delivering this broadside. He ceased toying with his watch chain, and fired off his sentences to the accompaniment of emphatic gestures. His conversation in its normal condition is quiet, slow, and deliberate. Sometimes he lingers over one word, and then accelerates the speed of the next few words so as to make up for the delay. He has a habit, when talking with you, of peering fixedly at some imaginary object in space, as if he had struck some luminous idea and was determined to hold on to it. Now and then his keen, bright eyes sparkle as he lets off some brilliant sally or unexpected coruscation. Having delivered himself on the contamination of American ideas by the spread of foreign literature, Mr. Clemens turned to his new book, which satirizes the shams, laws, and customs of to-day under pretense of dealing with the England of the sixteenth century.

"I want," he said, "to get at the Englishman, but in order to do that I must deal with the English publisher. And the English publishers are cowards, and so are the English newspapers. I have had to modify and modify my book to suit the English publishers' taste until I really cannot cut it any more. I talked to Mr. Osgood about it, and he said that there was only one publisher in London that would take my book as I wanted to leave it, and that house was not quite reputable. I've got to have a respectable house. And Mr. Osgood said that my London publisher, Mr. Chatto, was one of the bravest of them. Yes; Mr. Chatto will do the best he can, but he will cut my book. All I could do was to appeal to him to cut it as little as possible. I am anxious to know my fate. I see that he has cut my preface. Yes, more than half of my preface is gone, and all because of a little playful remark of mine about the divine right of Kings."

Mr. Clemens was very much cut up over the massacre of his preface. This is the part which was considered too shocking for Englishmen:

"The question as to whether there is such a thing as divine right of Kings is not settled in this book. It was found too difficult. That the executive head of a nation should be a person of lofty character and extraordinary ability was manifest and indisputable; that none but the deity could select that head unerringly was also manifest and indisputable; that the deity ought to make that selection, then, was likewise manifest and indisputable; consequently, that He does make it, as claimed, was an unavoidable deduction. I mean, until the author of this book encountered the Pompadour and Lady Castlemaine, and some other executive heads of that kind, these were found so difficult to work into the scheme that it was judged better to take the other tack in this book, (which must be issued this Fall,) and then go into training and settle the question in another book. It is, of course, a question which ought to be settled, and I am not going to have anything particular to do next Winter, any way."

Mr. Clemens is delighted at the way the artist has entered into the spirit of the book in executing the illustrations, and pointed specially to the portrait of Jay Gould in the capacity

to a fine portrait of Jay Gould in the capacity of "the slave driver," but he fears that some of the illustrations in the English edition will be sacrificed on the altar of English hypocrisy.

"How long were you at work on this book, Mr. Clemens?"

"I projected it four years ago," he replied. "and it has been in manuscript for three years. I put it in pigeonholes and took it out now and then to see how it was getting on, and replaced it again. I began to think several months ago that it was about ripe, and that the times were about ripe for it. And sure enough it was, for there is Brazil gets rid of her Emperor in twenty-four hours, and there is talk of a republic in Portugal and in Australia. And curiously enough, the proclamation of the Brazilian republicans is very similar—I mean in the ideas, not the words—to that which my hero issues abolishing the monarchy."

The sales of Mr. Clemens's books are about the same on both sides of the Atlantic. When a book is first published only a third of the income comes from England and two-thirds from the American edition. But when the work falls into the category of old books, then this order is reversed—probably owing to the fact that cheap editions are published in England. Mr. Clemens cannot say which of his books has had the largest sale, though he is inclined to give the palm to "The Innocents Abroad." That and his other earlier works are pirated in England. A London publisher named Hotten once issued a set of Mark Twain's earlier works, accompanied with a glossary to explain the words or the jokes or something. Mark Twain's reflection on this proceeding at the time was: "I should like very much to blow Mr. Hotten's brains out—not that I have any objection to Mr. Hotten, but just to see."

"Are you pestered with autograph fiends?" Mr. Clemens was next asked.

"Yes," he said, "I get my share of them. I write out a few hundred cards now and then and give them to my secretary to mail. When I sent them myself I used to discriminate. I would not send my autograph unless the applicants sent addressed envelopes. No matter whether they sent a thousand cards or a hundred thousand stamps, if they didn't write the address I gobbled their stamps and kept my autograph."

Mr. Clemens took his visitor up stairs to what

appeared to be his sanctum and a billiard room combined. He had been standing at the billiard table writing. He writes a young man's hand, and better and clearer than most young men. His copy is not likely to make composers break the third commandment unless they are carried away by ecstasies over it. He not only writes clearly and carefully, but his punctuation is elaborate to a fault. He walked up and down the room smoking a wooden pipe, which had a chronic tendency to fall in two and required refilling often. There was a writing desk in the room with a case full of books beside it.

"Do you write at that desk, Mr. Clemens?"

"No; I write there." "There" was a small semi-circular table pushed up close to the wall, strewn with papers, and affording very little elbow room for writing.

"And when may we expect another book?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Clemens. "I don't write the book. A book writes itself. If there is another book in me, it will come out, and I will put it on paper."

Thus the humorist's works pass through two stages of evolution. First there is a process of mental incubation. Then the work is transferred to paper and remains in a sort of chrysalis condition in pigeonholes until it is ripe for publication.

*AUTHORS' READINGS.*AN INTERESTING ENTERTAINMENT IN
BROOKLYN LAST NIGHT.

Ex-Mayor Low presided last night at an authors' reading in the Brooklyn Academy of Music, under the auspices of the American Copyright League, and for the benefit of its fund to secure the passage of an international copyright law. The Academy was filled with ladies and gentlemen. Mr. Low occupied a chair in the centre of the stage, and directly behind him, sitting in chairs arranged in a semicircle, were a number of gentlemen whose names and works are familiar to magazine readers.

Seated also on the stage and in the boxes were, among others, these members of the league: Gen. A. C. Barnes, W. A. White, Frank Lyman, Dr. P. P. Wells, James L. Morgan, Jr., Robert Muns, G. W. Bordwell, M. D. Farrington, Dr. E. Latta, Dr. James Roche, C. C. Wallace, F. Seaver, S. V. Lowell, C. Cuthbert Hall, the Rev. J. W. Chadwick, and Mrs. J. S. T. Stranahan. Chairman Low, before introducing the readers, made a brief address, in which he referred to the necessity of an international copyright law and the injustice to which authors were now, and have been for years, subjected without it. It was his earnest hope, and he knew he voiced the thoughts of all fair-minded men, that this session of Congress would not expire without the enactment of a law. He presented Mr. W. L. Keese, who read the following communication from Mark Twain, sent in response to an invitation to be present:

GENTLEMEN: I have worked for copyright in all the ways that its friends have suggested ever since 1872, seventeen or eighteen years, and I am cordially willing to continue to work for it all the rest of my life in all those ways but one—but I want to draw the line there—the platform.

We can point to an aggregate of about twelve Authors' readings now since the first attempt, but we cannot point to a single one of them and say it was rationally conducted. Conducting a show is a trade. To do it well it must be done by a master, not novices and apprentices. There is no master with grit enough for the piece. You cannot find him; he has not been born yet. Consider what is required of him. He must say to the small fry: "You are allowed ten minutes platform time; if you overpass it two minutes I shall bring down the gavel and sbut you off." To the very greatest poet he must say: "For your own sake you are allowed but fifteen minutes; you must test your piece at home and time it by a friend's watch and allow for the difference between platform time and parlor time, which is three minutes. If it overpasses twelve minutes at home you must cut it down to twelve. If you try to ring in an extra piece you'll hear the gavel." He must say to the audience: "The performance will close at 10 o'clock whether this programme is finished or not," and then keep his word. He must find obscurities who are willing to take the tall pieces on the plain

and then keep his word. He must find obscurities who are willing to take the tall pieces on the plain condition that they may possibly never be called up, or notoriety who will promise that they will not answer to their names after 10 o'clock, and will honorably keep that promise.

There is no such man alive, unless it might be Gen. Sherman, author of the brisk and delightful memoirs. And even then you would have to appoint me to police him, and whisper from time to time, "General, your time's up." For—possibly you have noticed it—in no instance in history has the Chairman of an Author's reading failed to add an hour to the already intolerably long bill.

No. An author's reading conducted in the customary way turns what ought to be the pleasantest of all entertainments into an experience to be forever remembered with bitterness by the audience. Remember Washington. There are now living but four persons who paid to get into that house. It is also a fact, however privately it has been kept, that twenty-two died on the premises and eighty-one on their way home. I am miserable when I think of my share in that wanton, that unprovoked massacre.

Tell me any other way that I can help the cause and I will do my very level best. Sincerely yours,
S. L. CLEMENS.

Edward Eggleston, after telling a few funny stories, read "Bad Mean's Wooing," from "The Hoosier Schoolmaster." Then Mr. Low introduced Richard Watson Gilder, editor of the *Century*.

"The cause of international copyright," said Mr. Gilder, "is the cause of national honor. The fault of an individual may be excused, but who shall excuse the crime of a nation? The greatest crime of this country which we have had to acknowledge since slavery is the piracy of the intellect." Applause greeted his words. Mr. Gilder read three of his short poems—"The Build of the Chimney," "Sheridan," and "On the Life Mask of Abraham Lincoln."

"A Question of To-day" was read by its author, Edwin Lasseter Bynner. Mr. R. R. Bowker read from an autobiographic letter, written by Amelia B. Edwards, telling of how she wrote her novels. Robert Grant gave some humorous passages from his "Confessions of a Frivolous Girl." William Hamilton Gibson read his article in the September *Scribner's*, "A Midnight Ramble," and F. Hopkinson Smith, by permission of *Harper's Magazine*, entertained the audience with an unpublished story called "Six Hours in Squantico," which, he declared, was a veracious narrative of a queer experience in a Virginia town. Theodore Roosevelt's name ended the programme. He told of his last encounter with a grizzly bear.